

...THE...
THOROUGHBRED:



HIS BREEDING
AND REARING

By C. S. McPHILLAMY

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A Volume of the
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JOHN A. SEAVERN

THE THOROUGHBRED :
HIS BREEDING AND REARING.

The Thoroughbred:

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and Rearing.

By C. S. McPHILLAMY.

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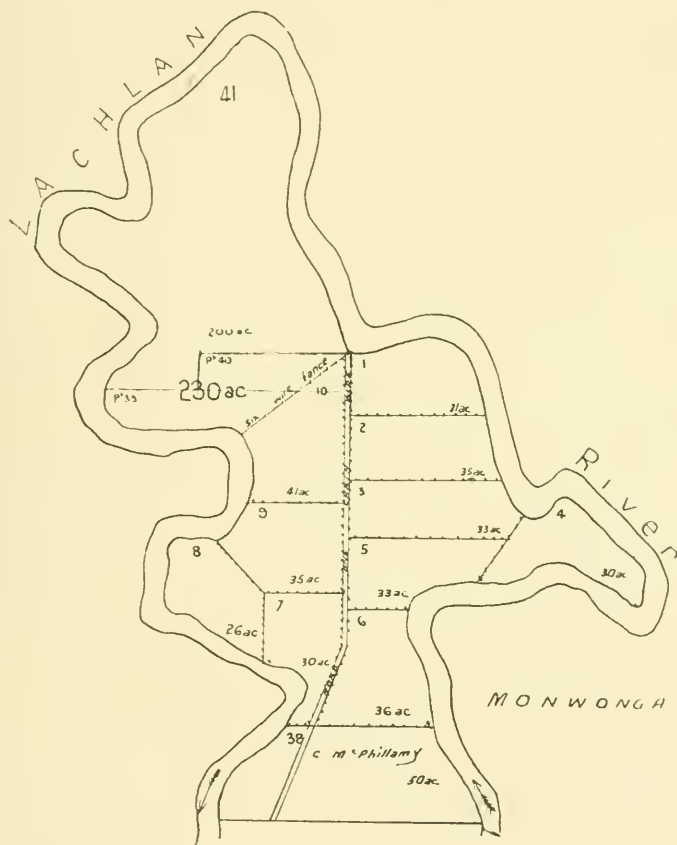
1910

DEDICATION.

Dedicated to the Hon. George Lee, breeder of The Barb, Barbelle, Lecturer, Kingsborough, Savanaka, Etra Weenie, Merriwee, and many other great race-horses.



W A F F C
Parish of Warroo
COUNTY OF GIPPS



Note fences from No. ~~170~~

Scale 20 chains to an inch

Prepared by
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STUD FARM.

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INTRODUCTION.

Having been connected with the Australian turf for the greater part of a busy racing lifetime, I offer no apology for placing this little work before my readers. As a first attempt in this direction, it may be considered by some as crude and presumptive, but I venture to assert that there will be found in it information of an instructive and entertaining character to all those who take an interest in the thoroughbred horse.

England is the home of the thoroughbred. The breed has spread over the globe, but breeders have to continually go back to the fountain head to strengthen their stud, and the reason why England is pre-eminent over the whole world in thoroughbred horses is because the Englishman has made a fetish of the Derby.

In the Derby blind justice is personified in the winning post. The trial is severe, and there is neither fashion nor fancy in the result. This it is that gives to the English thoroughbred horse a value for racing purposes unequalled—and looked for in vain—among any other species of animal in creation, and I venture to hope that the racing authorities in Australia will follow the example of England and make the Derby the greatest and most valuable race in Australia.

In producing this work, I have to acknowledge my indebtedness for assistance gained by perusing the writings of Ribbleden, of "The Australasian"; Milroy, of "The Sydney Mail"; "Merrigang," of the "Stock Journal"; The Druid, W. Allison, in his valuable book on the British thoroughbred horse; Count Lendhorff, in his book on Breeding Recollections; E. E. Coussell's compilation of the late Bruce Lowe's Figure System; Mr. Arthur Hutton; and others.

BRUCE-LOWE'S WORKS.

A writer in an exchange mentions that Messrs. Weatherby succeeded in getting an injunction restraining the sale of Bruce-Lowe's work, "Breeding Race-horses by the Figure System," as being an infringement of their property, the General Stud Book. Mr. Bruce-Lowe had set himself the task of supplying a kind of ready reckoner by which breeders of racehorses might get assistance in the mating of stock with a view to producing likely winners of races. He had traced the successes of horses that had won the classic races through the families of their dams, and had numbered these families according to their merit. He also traced the relative success of stallions belonging to the different families, and had numbered the successful sire families in a similar manner. The book was of undoubted assistance to breeders of horses and racing men. But, though Bruce-Lowe's work involved considerable labor and much independent research, the lists of horses in his book had been admittedly compiled from the lists in the Stud Book. As Mr. Justice Parker pointed out, by utilising these lists, Bruce-Lowe and the editor of the subsequent editions of his book had saved themselves an enormous labor and expense; and, although it is not necessary to prove damage to restrain an infringement of copyright, the plaintiffs had, in fact, been deprived of the advantage which the labor and expense in preparing and keeping up-to-date the lists in the Stud Book had given to them.

The following is a copy of the letter written by Mr. E. R. White, of Merton, to the "Sydney Mail," showing Bruce Lowe's figures:—

Dear Sir,—It has occurred to me that we do not appreciate the full benefit Bruce Lowe has left us by numbering off all the families—according to merit—in English Stud Book.

The full value of a pedigree does not so much lie in the individual family a horse belongs to so much as the number of times the best racing families occur in his extended pedigree. To emphasize my point, I will take some of the recent great performers in England. The figures are taken from an extended pedigree of some ten to twelve generations, which is sufficient to show how useless it is to take any pedigree on the surface, when estimating its value.

In Pretty Polly's (No. 14) extended pedigree—

No. 1 occurs 48 times	No. 2 occurs 23 times
No. 3 „ 26 „	No. 5 „ 4 „
No. 6 „ 17 „	No. 8 „ 21 „
No. 11 „ 20 „	No. 12 „ 18 „

and her own family No. 14 occurs 13 times.

So, although she is a No. 14, No. 1 so dominates her blood that in estimating her worth No. 14 must be considered of very small account. No. 2, 3, 8 and 11 are well represented, and help to make up a very powerful pedigree both for racing and the stud.

In Sceptre's (No. 16) extended pedigree—

No. 1 occurs 18 times No. 2 occurs 52 times

No. 3 „ 20 times with the families 6, 8 and 11 fairly well represented, and with her own

family No. 16 only occurring once. So that in estimating her, No. 2 must be considered the ruling power and little account taken of No. 16.

St. Amant (No. 14), the last English Derby winner—

No. 1 occurs 23 times	No. 2 occurs 47 times
No. 3 „ 21 „	No. 5 „ 11 „
No. 6 „ 14 „	No. 8 „ 21 „
No. 11 „ 12 „	No. 12 „ 11 „

and his own family No. 14 occurs 14 times.

No. 2 again dominates this pedigree, backed up strongly by 1, 3 and 8.

The French colt Ajax is less of a partisan for any particular family than any of the above.

No. 1 occurs 23 times	No. 2 occurs 25 times
No. 3 „ 29 „	No. 5 „ 10 „
No. 6 „ 23 „	No. 8 „ 19 „
No. 11 „ 19 „	No. 12 „ 19 „

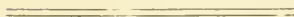
In this instance No. 3 stands highest, and, as it is strongly represented in top removes by such individuals as Galopin 3 (twice), Chattanooga 3, Wellington 3, King Tom 3—all descendants of Pocahontas—Chamant 3, also a descendant of Pocahontas, with Stockwell (3) four times, Ajax must be classed a No. 3.

There are numerous instances to be worked out on this basis, and I am sure it will account for the successes of many outside families. No. 4, 7, 9 and 10 have few representatives, and yet occasionally a star comes out to keep one of these families green, viz., Rock Sand No. 4, and Flying Fox No. 7. I have not run out their pedigrees, but will hazard the opinion that their pedigrees are made up principally by the very best families, with either No. 1, 2 or 3 dominating.

I am quite convinced that when mating a mare we should go right back to the tap root and decide upon the result of the search how to mate her, of course taking into consideration the family faults and failings as far as one's knowledge of the History of the Turf or Stud Book goes.

I hope in offering these rough opinions some points will be clearer to students of pedigrees, and if my contention is not logical, someone will point it out.

(Sgd.) E. R. WHITE.



THE THOROUGHBRED: HIS BREEDING AND REARING.

CHAPTER I.

ON BREEDING.

COUNT LEHNDORFF in his horse-breeding recollections starts his book with the statement that the principal requisite in a good racehorse is soundness first, soundness second, and soundness third, and I was struck by the soundness of his assertion. But the dominant note in my book is Sir Hercules first, Sir Hercules second, and Sir Hercules third, because the qualities of soundness, courage, and stamina were concentrated in him. What always struck me more particularly was that those families that had no number—which means that they were families not in the English stud book—were no manner of use until they were bred to Sir Hercules. Now, the original Sappho was by Zohrab—an Arab—which is about as good as a brumbie in Australia, and this requires no further proof than the fact that in Arabia they never castrate a colt—so that anyone can see the Arabs are only a lot of brumbies.

Sappho, then, was bred to Sir Hercules, and the result was the great Sappho, who threw Tarquin, Lecturer, Kingsborough, Nellie, and a whole host of others—all real good ones. Maid of the Lake—a real commoner sold out of the pound for a tenner was bred to Yattendon, a son of Sir Hercules, and produced

Black Swan, who then threw Lady Trenton (Sydney Cup), and in one leap became one of the first brood mares in Australia, as Lady Trenton bred Lord Cardigan, who won one Melbourne Cup, and with top weight ran second to Acrasia for the next. From Lady Trenton also came Lord Nolan, another Melbourne Cup winner.

It is as well to note for the benefit of breeders outside Australia that the Melbourne Cup is the leading handicap of the Southern Hemisphere, and represents here what the Cesarewitch does in England. The family that produced Myrtle sprang from obscurity—her dam being put to Yattendon, the result was Myrtle, though she was wrongly described as by Gemma di Vergy. I have the authority of Mr. H. M. S. Cox, whose father owned Yattendon, for this statement. But there was a kind of a box up, as the owner of Myrtle's dam said she was in season after she came home from her visit to Yattendon; but anyone who saw the mare could say at once that she was a true Yattendon.

I think it will be of interest to my readers if I give them a short history of Sir Hercules. He was bred by Thomas Rothery Icely at Coombing Park. I think his sire and dam were imported by a Mr. Kater. Mr. Redwood, who evidently knew a good-bred one, came from New Zealand and purchased Sir Hercules from Mr. Icely for the magnificent sum of £25. He took him to New Zealand, and there he made the New Zealand thoroughbred horse. Some years afterwards he brought him back to Sydney for sale, when Mr. George Lee, hearing of it, rode to Sydney to buy him,

but he was a few days late, as Mr. Tindal of Ramornie, on the Clarence, purchased him, and took him up there, where he sired the great Yattendon. Mr. Lee, not to be beaten, waited, and when he next saw that he was for sale, secured him. I think he only lived three years at Leeholme, but there sired The Barb, Barbarian, Barbelle, and Sappho. I notice, too, the good horses are horses that their dams did not carry more than the regulation eleven months. Foals that are carried over their time are invariably slugs, have no ambition, are no good, and only serve to make up the stakes for the good ones. Another important point with regard to the thoroughbred is that whenever you come across one with a thick skin—like a draft-horse's skin—he is never by any chance worth anything. If you go to select a good one out of the mob of yearlings in the paddock—which is the right place—if you have any regard for your pocket, select the one with the brightest skin, because he is the best—he has the best constitution, is the best doer, and shows it by his bright skin and general well-doing. The yearling fattened for sale should be avoided like a pestilence, because in most cases he is broken down before he leaves the ring—if not in the legs, in the body. I have frequently observed that men in charge of stallions are too anxious to get the mares in foal. Though you meet some very curious cases in which you can be deceived. Sappho showed unmistakably to Tim Whiffler, and was duly covered. Next morning she was found in the paddock suckling Savanaka—about as big as a Kangaroo dog. I think it is always well to let the mare be in season two or three days before being served by the horse. Any

man wishing to start a stud—as many gentlemen do who have made their money late in life, and have not lived all their lives with horses—should, in buying mares for the stud, be very careful of a mare that has burst, or shows any sign of it, as she will be a source of disappointment to them all the days of her life. I think it would be as well for them to confine themselves to buying yearling fillies, giving them good care for twelve months, have them trained, then run them for the Oaks, and discard the bad ones, and put the good ones in their stud. The late Lord Falmouth pursued this course, and his was the most successful stud in Great Britain.

I do not like breeding from a mare unless she has shown pace, for, from my knowledge of racing in Australia, ever since The Barb beat Stumpy for the Melbourne Cup, I have noticed that no mare ever throws a good horse unless she had pace herself—even if it was only for half-a-mile. This recalls the name of Melodious to my mind. She could hardly get five furlongs, but she had tremendous pace for half a mile, and she threw Wallace, one of the best three-milers we ever had. Another point in breeding I would emphasize is that a mare generally throws her best foal the first time she is put to a horse—that is to say, the first foal by a horse is generally the best. That this is so I have only to refer to the case of the Fawn, who covered by Maribyrnong for the first time, threw Richmond, who was the best horse of his year, and the next was Bosworth, distinctly inferior to Richmond, and so on they went, getting worse and worse.

Chester was the first foal by Yattendon out of

Lady Chester, and St. George, Grosvenor, Cleeveden, and others followed, but Chester was easily the best, and was not only a great horse, but a great sire. To be fair I must mention the fact that Grand Flaneur was, I think, the second foal by Yattendon out of First Lady. I asked W. A. Long—knowing he had First Lord, who never did anything—how he came to buy Grand Flaneur, and he said from something First Lord showed us one day on the track. So, I expect, all things being equal, First Lord was about as good as Grand Flaneur, who was never beaten, but who broke down comparatively early in his career. Grand Flaneur was a true Touchstone in all his points.

With regard to first foals, I would point out that Bruce Lowe always advocated that a mare be changed after her foal showed form. Mr. Allison in his book also advocates that a change of blood is necessary for the foal. I will end these illustrations by saying that I think Trenton was the first foal of Frailty, and that none of his brothers or sisters were as good as himself.

I would not like to show that this has been fully demonstrated in England, as none of Flying Fox's brothers or sisters were a patch on himself.

I often hear men going to start studs saying that they want limestone country, so as to enable them to put bone into their horses. But let me assure them that one cross of Melbourne blood will put more bone into their horses than ten centuries of running on limestone country. Talking of Melbourne reminds me of curious facts with sires. Positano in Australia could never get a good filly. Melbourne in England could never get a good colt, except West Australian.

"It is a remarkable fact," says Lehndorff, "that the Melbourne blood in its female descent shows to so much greater advantage than in the other sex, for which reason the family is so inadequately represented in the stallions belonging to it. In the whole stud book there is scarcely to be found a sire of better, and in their progeny, more successful mares than Melbourne (Blink Bonny, Blooming Heather, Canezou, Go-ahead, Leila, Mentmore Lass, The Slave, Stolen Moments, Sortie, and the Bloomer, etc.) ; but of his sons, West Australian alone achieved a great reputation. With regard to him also, this superiority of the female descent holds goods, as he got, besides a great number of more than useful mares, only two prominent sons, The Wizard and Ruy Blas, of whom the former, although himself a good racehorse, scarcely left any traces in Germany, the country of his adoption."

Perdita's II. best was Persimmon, her second foal, though her first foal Florizel, was a good one. But they didn't improve as they went on.

To revert again to Sir Hercules, to show how he lifted up the standard, I would point out that the result of Yattendon's mating with the Gardener mare was Javelin, a Derby winner. Then Commodore, the winner of the Leger, and from that mating sprang also a great family now represented by Maltine, one of the best mares on the turf.

Some breeders, more kind than wise, abstain from covering their mares every year, and limit their stallions to a few mares. Mr. James White told me that he erred in that direction, and lost several of his best mares through them throwing twins. I would suggest

as the best and most rational way of getting the most out of a mare, the covering of her *every year*, weaning her foal in April, *and feeding them both*. Slow staying mares—the kind of mare that will win a three-mile race—are invariably failures at the stud. This reminds me of Lillian, who was the best long distance mare in England, and though served by all the best horses, never threw anything worth having. That she was properly mated you can believe when I say she was the property of the late Lord Falmouth. Then there was Laodamia, who, in the zenith of her career, went into the Royal stud with a great flourish of trumpets, but alas! nothing was the result.

I am a sincere advocate of the Bruce Lowe Figure System, because, the more I follow it, and the more tests I submit it to, the more I am convinced of its soundness. In speaking of the Number Nine family, Bruce Lowe warns us against using it as a sire one. Now, curiously enough, three sires of that number come into my mind—Commotion—the greatest horse of his day in Australia—went into Pearson's Kilmany Stud and failed. Trident—also the best of his day—did the same with John Lee's stud, and Bendigo—who was the best horse in England the day he carried ten stone and beat Minting for the Lancashire Handicap—had all the best mares in England and was an abject failure. The only animal I can call to mind with any of his blood in existence to-day is Voyou, who ran second to Merriwee for the Melbourne Cup and won the V.R.C. Handicap.

In speaking of first foals it might be as well not to pass the subject without saying that Stockwell was

the first and the best foal of old Pocahontas. Allison in his book on the British Thoroughbred says of No. 9 family that it is a very bad sire strain both for getting runners and brood mares.

A curious fact that must be patent to the student of the stud book is that in very few cases are there more than one sire in a family. But old Pocahontas seemed to throw a sire in each of her sons—Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, and others—but we have no brother to Galopin, nor to St. Simon.

Mr. A. W. Hutton, of New South Wales, has run out all the families in Australia in the same way that Bruce Lowe did the mares of England, and I now publish these on pages 10 and 11 to show how true the figures work out, whether here or in England.

One fact has struck me that I should like to point out, and that is, that when you are going by the figures in the stud book there are certain outside influences that you should calculate on. For instance: All the winners that have lifted the No. 10 family to where it is came from one mare—Queen Mary—so that I think she can be regarded, after Pocahontas, as one of the most prized families in the world, as she bears the whole of the No. 10 family on her individual shoulders. I cannot help quoting the preface of a book written by W. A. Allison, and compiled by E. E. Cousell, which is as follows:—He says, "For those who have not read the late Mr. C. Bruce Lowe's book ('Breeding Racehorses by the Figure System'), it is necessary to explain that he dealt with all the thoroughbred families in the female line, tracing them thus to the original mares, of which only about fifty

are represented in the stud book to-day. Out of those surviving, only some twenty play an important part in modern pedigree, and not more than nine or ten of these twenty appear to be indispensable in first-class pedigrees. The test applied by Mr. Bruce Lowe, by which he placed the various original mares in order, 1, 2, 3, and so on, was *simply the degree of success their descendants in the female line had attained as winners of the three classic races*—the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger. In this way the figures run down to 34, though other original mares bring the number to 50, but none of their descendants have ever won one of the English classic races.”

The sire St. Frusquin is always full in England at 300 guineas a mare, whilst his own brother, San Francisco, is a total failure in Australia. Though fairly successful in New Zealand, it may be a case of among the blind a one-eyed-man is king, though Soult seems to get winners there.

To show that the goodness in a horse is not always to be seen on the outside, it may be stated that once upon a time a society was formed in America for the improvement of the blood horse. Their idea was to buy all the weedy, rubbishy and unsound mares, according to the veterinary surgeons, and ship them away to the Philippine Islands. But, as things turned out, as soon as a mare was shipped her progeny commenced to win, so that it got to be a saying that in order to win you only had to sell his mother to the “Society for the Improvement of Horses,” and he would at once commence to win. So the Society collapsed. We must therefore put down the exceptional

List of Representatives of Colonial Families.

Classification of Families in the Colonies by the winners of the following classic races.		List of Representatives of Colonial Families.											
Colonial No. of Family.	Family.	C. B. Lowe's No. of Family.	Champion Race (3 miles).	Victorian Derby.	Victorian Oaks.	Victoria St. Ledger.	Caulfield Guineas.	A.J.C. (N.S.W.) Derby.	A.J.C. St. Ledger.	A.J.C. Oaks.	A.J.C. Plate (3 miles).	Total number of wins up to January, 1899.	Colonial No. of Family.
1	Dam of Two True Blues	3	6	4	2	9	1	4	6	1	4	37	1
2	Burton Barb Mare	2	3	4	3	3	3	1	2	...	6	25	2
3	Old Vintner Mare	9	4	3	1	4	3	3	5	..	2	25	3
4	A Royal Mare (dam of Turk mare)	13	...	5	3	1	...	4	3	1	2	19	4
5	Dr. of Gower's stallion	10	1	2	2	4	...	1	1	11	5
6	Dr. of Massey's Black Barb	5	..	2	3	1	1	2	1	1	...	11	6
7	Old Woodcock Mare (dam of Old Spot mare)	18	2	...	1	2	2	...	3	10	7
8	Layton Barb Mare.	4	2	1	2	1	1	1	...	1	1	10	8
9	Dinah (by Gratis)	x	1	3	1	2	1	...	2	10	9
10	Tregonwell's natural Barb Mare	1	3	1	...	1	...	1	1	1	1	9	10
11	The Oldfield Mare	14	2	2	...	1	1	1	1	8	11

12	Moss Rose (Rons' Emigrant imp.), mare imported from Cape of Good Hope	x	8	3	3	2	2	...	Flying Buck.
13	A Royal Mare (Montague Mare)	12	3	2	1	...	1	7	13	Maxim, Glorious (imp.), Warhawk (imp.), Fros (imp.), Town Moor, Mostyn.
14	Merlin Mare (dam of mare by D. Arabian)	26	...	4	1	1	...	1	7	14	Cortlay, Pollio, Loup Garou, Darrivell, Flying Jib, Nightingale.
15	Betty (by Hector)	x	1	1	2	1	1	6	15	Brown and Rose, Highborn, Mahee, Bargoo, Blondin, Wycombe.
16	Darcey's black-legged Royal Mare	7	...	1	1	1	1	1	...	6	16	Crossfire, Creswick, John Bull (imp.), Elusive
17	Eva (Marquis—Toss Mare)	x	1	3	1	1	...	5	17	Peauchamp (imp.), Nobleman (imp.)
18	Royal Mare (dam of Old Why-not)	15	1	1	1	1	5	18	Lava, Java, Heela, Woodlands.
19	Spanker Mare	27	...	2	2	...	1	1	5	19	Le Grand, Antony, Malta, Fort, Ladykirk (imp.), Phillips, Paris.
20	Sappho (Marquis Zohrab Mare)	x	1	2	1	4	20	Lantern, Stockowner (imp.), Sunrise, St. Hippo, Sextant.
21	Flirt (by Steeltrap—Brunette by B. Camerton)	x	1	1	1	...	1	...	1	4	21	Nellie, Wilga, Kingsborough, Savanaka, Etra-Weenie, Diffidence.
22	Helmsley Turk Mare	24	1	1	1	4	Matchlock.
23	Bustler mare (dam of Bryerly Turk Mare)	8	...	1	1	2	4	23	The Harvester, New Warrior (imp.), Don Juan, Rusk (imp.), Welcome-Jack (New Zealand).
24	Sedbury Royal Mare	11	1	1	1	...	4	24	Chester, Swiveller, Metford, Ace of Clubs, Trenchant, Roodee.
25	Bryerly Turk Mare	17	...	1	...	1	1	3	25	Carlyon, Fishman (imp.), King Alfred (imp.), Correze, Guesswork, Gemmi di Vergy.
26	Dr. of Gascoigne's Foreign Horse	20	1	1	...	1	3	26	Yattendon, Snowdon (imp.), Sir Modred.
27	Delaware Girl	x	2	2	27	Acelyte, Volley, Traducer.
28	Miss Foote (by Herald)	x	2	2	28	Mormon.
29	Bonny Black (founder of Persian Stallion)	39	2	2	29	Ladybird.
30	Duchess (Young Gustavus—Whisker Mare)	x	1	1	2	30	The Plunger.
31	Old Bald Peg	6	1	1	2	31	Maddelina, Pride of the Hills.
32	Natural Barb Mare (dam of Basset Arab Horse)	29	2	2	32	Pardon, Reprieve, Lady Betty, Bel Giorno, Quality.
33	Moonah Barb, Mare (of Queen Anne)	21	...	1	1	33	Albury, The Australian Peer, Vengeance, O'Trigger.

goodness of some horses to "*The blood that runs in their veins.*"

Bruce Lowe's number one, two and three families, I notice, are getting further and further away from their rivals. Neil Gow, who comes from the best of the No. 1 family, won the Two Thousand Guineas the other day, and is now first favourite for the Derby, with Lemberg, a direct descendant of my favourite Queen Mary, second. Lemberg's elder brother Bayardo is the best four-year-old in England to-day, having easily won the Leger, among the beaten ones being Minoru, the Derby winner.

It is an interesting fact to note than an Australian—the late Sir Daniel Cooper—went home to England and started there a stud, and he evidently was a Bruce Lowe student, as he stuck most religiously to the No. 1 family, with the result that he bred the most valuable lot of mares ever got together in England, as the sale of the mares and their prices proved. Flair brought 15,000 guineas, Lesbia 9,000 guineas, Vivid 7,600 guineas, Film 2,300 guineas, Silver Thread 2,100 guineas.

Flair won the Middle Park Plate, Imperial Produce Stakes, &c. The stakes amounted to £9,384.

Lesbia won the Middle Park Plate, Coronation Stakes, Imperial Produce Stakes, &c. The stakes amounted to over £10,000.

Vivid was the best two-year-old filly of her year.

To the uninitiated, who are always asking what constitutes a good pedigree, I would say unhesitatingly that the Derby winners constitute a good pedigree. The more there are in the pedigree the better, especially if

the dam should be a sister to a great winner. It is almost impossible to get a colt by a Derby winner out of a Derby winner—though this has occurred—as so few mares win the Derby. But the Derby being the test of the great horses, and it being the object of all the racing men to win the Derby, the presence in the pedigree of the Derby winners constitutes it one of the best.

I should like to say a few words about the conformation of a horse.



RIGHT SHAPE.

W. Muggridge 1910

WRONG SHAPE.

One good way of judging a horse—and it is a most important point—is to stand in front of him and look between his front legs. They should go into his chest

like an inverted A, and his fore legs as a rule should be close together—that is, for a great horse—his hind legs should be wide apart, and he should carry his round bones back the same width as his hips—not like a lemonade bottle—although there are exceptions to every rule, as seen in the fact that Chester rubbed his hocks together, and Mentor was so wide between his front legs that you could nearly wheel a barrow between them, and Foulsham told me at the last Autumn sales that Malua turned both his front feet out like a cat. Now it is very seldom you get a good horse that turns his toes out, though sometimes you get a fast one that turns his toes in. To show how unsafe it is to quote a rule for anything, Bruce Lowe said that no jumping mare ever threw anything worth having, and no jumping mare had, up to that time. But in later years Admiration—a jumping mare—threw Pretty Polly, the best mare of her year in England.

People wonder how a horse that can't stay half a mile on the flat suddenly wins a three mile hurdle race, but if they would reflect for a minute they would know that the pace is never on in a hurdle race—that he is never extended—that, in fact, he is only cantering. Never select a ewe-necked horse for a jumper, for such could not get over a straw

Reverting to the subject of breeding again, I would point out that it is open to argument which is the best age to put a filly to the horse. My own impression is in the Spring—after she has won the Oaks—the year following—but even earlier does not seem to militate much against their goodness. Zinganee's dam bore him at three years old, and the great Queen Mary was

the produce of a three-year-old, her dam having been served when two years old.

This is the year 1910, and in reading turf news what strikes one most is the influence that Barcaldine and Doncaster have on the pedigrees where they occur. They seem to dominate everything in every important race, but when you come to investigate the matter it is not surprising. Turning to page 17 of the Stallion Record, a most valuable work, compiled by William Chismon, for W. Hall Walker, we read: "Barcaldine, a bay horse, 1878, by Solon 23—Ballyroe by Belladrum 22—Bon Accord by Adventurer 12, out of Tom King's dam. He won his four races at two years, three at three years, including Baldoyle Derby, did not run at four years, won Westminster Cup, Epsom Stakes, Orange Cup, and Northumberland Plate at five years. Was a first-class horse and never beaten." The influence of Barcaldine has penetrated to Australia, as the dam of Mountain King is by that great horse.

The first thoroughbred mare imported to Australia was Manto, imported by Mr. Icely, of Coombing Park, near Carcoar. Manto arrived by the ship "Columbia," on April 28, 1826. On April 29th she dropped a filly foal—Cornelia—who produced Flora McIvor. The most interesting fact in connection with the career of Flora McIvor is that her last two foals were produced when she was 27 and 29 years old, and they were the best. Cornelia was mated, and produced Flora McIvor, who threw I'O to Sir Hercules, who was mated with New Warrior and threw Flora McIvor, who mated with Goldsbrough produced Frailty. The latter mated with Musket produced Trenton, the next best horse

ever bred in New Zealand to Carbine—both a racehorse and a sire.

The most valuable shipment and highest class importation, and the greatest service ever rendered to the thoroughbred of Australia, was the importation by Mr. Hurtle Fisher of the four mares, Juliet, Marchioness, Rose de Florence and Rose of Denmark. Rose de Florence was out of Boarding School Miss, who was half-sister to the immortal Pocahontas, dam of Stockwell, Rataplan and King Tom. Juliet's descendants won £601,908, Rose de Florence's £417,914, Marchioness's £160,691, and Guildermire £15,734.

These mares were of a class they had never attempted to buy for Australia before. Marchioness by Melbourne won the English Oaks in 1855, and is the only Oaks winner that ever saw Australian shores. Her shipmates were of equally high class.

In breeding I would always prefer a large area of poor country rather than a small area of rich country. Rich country is right enough for putting on beef and hair, and would be an ideal place for breeding draught horses, but where you want the bone like steel you want a large area of poor but sweet country, and a river to drink at, for I notice that horses that drink well water—that is underground water—have always staring coats. I would also have them in large cattle paddocks, and preferably bullock paddocks, as the good horses in the days gone by were reared in the big bullock paddocks. This is emphasized by the fact that the late Queen Victoria's stud deteriorated until it was taken in hand by Col. Maude, whose first act was to have the paddocks thoroughly eaten out by cattle, with

the result that in the next few years he bred the two best mares seen on the English turf, La Fleche and her sister, Memoir. It stands to reason that, when they are confined in small spaces, nosing about among their own dung, they are not as healthy as they are when galloping about on wide, clean areas, and in order to win races they must from their earliest foalhood be allowed to gallop about. Galloping about, a good mob of them together in their young days teaches them how to get through a field of horses.

In selecting a good horse, always go for one with a big, well-developed sheath. Those with the little slip-away sheath are of weak constitution and poor doers.

Stockwell had the same effect on the English thoroughbred that Sir Hercules had on the Australian. To show what incalculable benefit one great mare can have I will instance Pocahontas. She lived until she was 33 years of age. She bred fifteen foals, including the stallions, Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom—three great sires—and when she was 25 years old bred her last foal, Araucaria, who in her turn bred Stephonotis, Wellingtonia, Camelia, winner of the Oaks, Chamant, winner of the Middle Park Plate, the Dewhurst Plate, and the 2,000 guineas, and Rayon d'or, winner of the St. Leger. Pocahontas founded a family of heroes never before equalled on the turf, and bears out what I have said regarding first foals. She was the first foal of Marpessa, and Marpessa was the first foal of her dam Clare. The direct descendants of Pocahontas won the four classic races of England on no less than forty-five occasions. So far as I can find out there was

only one direct female descendant of Pocahontas imported to Australia—a mare called Amethyst by Ambrose out of Helen of Lucknow, by Nutwith out of Pocahontas.

I would advise all breeders in selling their yearlings to sell them all without reserve, as nothing damns a sale more than the feeling that you may give a good price for a yearling and then be beaten by something that has been held back by the breeder. Sell and repent—but sell. If you sell a bargain you will get the benefit of it next sale. I saw that emphasized when Orcus, own brother to Poseidon, was sold for three thousand guineas. The same man had bought Poseidon for £500, and had won the Derby and Cup with him. Orcus is now six years old and still a maiden.

Another pitfall breeders fall into is this: They patronise young untried stallions, and when the public won't buy them they are disheartened. Patronise well tried sires that are getting winners, and the public, whose memories are proverbially short, will bid freely for the yearlings got by those sires.

What I have said previously about fatted yearlings must not be taken too thoroughly to heart, because a yearling must be fed liberally, or else, when he goes into the trainer's hands and begins to get the good food he will start to grow. He must be fed reasonably well, so as to have, if possible, his growing done before he gets into the trainer's hands. You must not starve him—that's going to the other extreme.

Some horses are so nervous that notwithstanding the fact that they will show good form on the track, the

hurry, worry and excitement of the course upsets them, and they will not show their form in a race. In this connection I call to mind how Revenue won the Melbourne Cup. He failed, presumably from that cause, in the previous Melbourne Cup. To get rid of that nervousness his owner took him to every meeting throughout the year and let him stand in his stall and see all that was to be seen, and in this way he got rid of his nervousness, with the result that he won the next Melbourne Cup.

It is the hardest thing in the world to buy a good one, whether mare or horse, because we are all built the same way, we want to keep the good ones. I remember taking the manager of the Middle Park stud in New Zealand to see Mersey's Daughter, and he told me that the six mares sent out to the Middle Park Stud by Sir Hercules Robinson had each some disease, or unsoundness, that he had never seen in Australia or New Zealand before. Each one had a different disease or failing, and I asked him the cause of it, and he said he considered it was due to generations of feeding on concentrated food without sufficient exercise. This points to the conclusion that when you buy mares at a public auction you have to buy something that someone wants to get rid of, in nine cases out of ten. This coincides with my advice to men starting a stud with yearling fillies, and trying them, especially in weight-for-age races, when you can estimate their true worth and get rid of the unworthy. This reminds me of the saying of the late Lord Falmouth that "The next best thing to the discovery that you have a good horse is the discovery that you have a bad one."

In selecting a "stayer" in contradistinction to a "sprinter," you must get a horse that gallops with his head down. Horses that carry their head up cannot stay. Some good horses can gallop well in a weight-for-age race where there are small fields, but in a handicap they are absolutely useless. The horse I am thinking of while writing this is the Derby winner *Belah*—a good horse in a weight-for-age race, but utterly useless in a handicap. *Paris*, who won two Caulfield Cups, carrying nearly top weight in the second one, was utterly useless in the weight-for-age races, though his form in the second one gave him a good chance in any race.

On reviewing the whole subject of breeding, I think that a mare has something in her, and that something she in most cases gives to her first-born. I am tempted to emphasize this by the fact that a great physician said to me once that most women lose two of their teeth for every child they bear. I would suggest to a breeder in looking for a horse to mate with his mare to tabulate his mare's pedigree and then search for the best horse in that pedigree—not further back than the fourth remove, and select a horse with the same horse in his pedigree, preferably a Derby winner—not further back than the third remove. He is then likely to concentrate that great horse in the foal. I have come to this conclusion by going through the tabulated pedigree of all the classic winners in England. I find that they have two strains pretty close together of some great horse. The tabulated pedigree of *Galopin* will show what I mean, for when you see where *Voltaire* comes in, I think you will have solved the mystery of breeding. The following is his pedigree:—

Galopin. (Bay, 1872.)

Flying Duchess 3 (B 1853)		Vedette 19 (Br. 1847)	
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)		Voltigeur 2 (Br 1854)	
Mrs. Ridway		Ro 1849	
Flying Dutchess 3 (B 1853)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Blacklock 2 (B. 1814)
			Whitelock 2 Dau. of Coriander
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Daughter of (B. 1816)
			Phantom 0 Dau. of Overton
Flying Duchess 3 (B 1853)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Mulatto 5 (B. 1823)
			Catton 2 Desdemona
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Leda (B. 1824)
			Fillio da Puta 12 Treasure
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Sir Hercules 2 (Bl. 1826)
			Whalebone 1 Peri
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Guicuoli (Ch. 1823)
			Bob Booty 23 Flight
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Inheritor 4 (Bl. 1831)
			Lottery 11 Handmanden
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Nell (Gr. 1831)
			Blacklock 2 Madam Vestris
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Sultan 8 (B. 1816)
			Selina 2 Bacchante
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Cobweb (B. 1821)
			Phantom 6 Filagroe
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Sandbeck 8 (B. 1818)
			Catton 2 Orvillina
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Darioletta (Br. 1822)
			Amadis 5 Selina
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Blacklock 2 (B. 1814)
			Whitelock 2 Dau. of Coriander
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Daughter of (B. 1816)
			Phantom 6 Dau. of Overton
Flying Dutchman 3 (B. 1846)	Bay Middleton 1 (B. 1833)	Birdcatcher 1 (Ch. 1833)	Juniper 9 (Ch. 1805)
			Whiskey 2 Jenny Spinner
	Barbelle (B. 1836)	Nan Darrell (Gr. 1844)	Daughter of (Br. 1810)
			Sorcerer 6 Virgin

Count Lehndorff, in his breeding recollections, recommends that you select an in-bred mare—that is, a mare with two strains of the one horse pretty close together—and put her to an out-bred horse—that is, a horse that has no two strains close together.

An interesting circumstance with regard to breeding is this, that you sometimes get a good colt—a chance-bred horse—that is, a horse by a bad sire—out of a bad mare. But you can search the turf annals of England for the last 200 years, and you will never find a good filly bred that way. Great mares, that is, mares that have won classic races, are very seldom good dams, and I would suggest to anyone having a great mare that does not do her foals justice to take them off the mare and put them on a draught mare or any common mare. I am tempted to propose this because one of the best horses we ever saw—Newminster—was reared on a couple of cows. If the milk had any deleterious effect we should have expected him to have developed a pair of horns. He was as good a horse as his sire, the Marquis, who won the English St. Leger.

In preparing a pasture for thoroughbred horses, I would recommend a mixture of lucerne and prairie grass. The latter horses are particularly fond of, in fact they are so fond of it that they invariably eat out a pasture, greatly to its detriment, and unless it is frequently spelled the coarser grasses go ahead.

Why the horses of to-day are not the equals of the horses bred in the early days of the colony is because now all the good paddocks are given over to the sheep. Formerly the horse could roam for miles, and got all

the nutritious constituents there was in the grass, but now he can only go from fence to fence. The difference between the horse of those days and the horse of to-day was owing to the former being able to wander wide, as described.

Some trainers object to horses reared solely on lucerne, forgetting that such a thing does not exist, because every lucerne paddock has many different grasses in it, and the mares and the horses only eat what they like best, and no doubt they are competent judges. It is well known that lucerne will not thrive everywhere. The soil must have lime in it, and then, with its deep and far reaching roots it places the lime at the service of the horses in its most readily assimilative form. If anyone has the bad luck to start a stud farm on soil that is not full of lime, he will quickly realise his mistake by finding that dreadful scourge, nasal disease, among his horses.

The sire I would always desire to see in a pedigree is St. Leger, for, if my memory serves me right, he was by Doncaster out of Atlantis. (See page 24.)

As I have already pointed out, you may get a good chance colt, but never a good chance filly. The best chance horse I can call to mind was a horse called Robert the Devil, by Bertram out of Cast-off, who ran Bend Or to half a head for the English Derby, and I think, won the Leger. He was the hero of the famous protest lodged against Bend Or, on the ground that the latter was in reality not Bend Or, but Tadcaster. After the matter had been thoroughly investigated it was held that Bend Or was not Tadcaster, and Bend Or was awarded the stakes.

St. Leger (imp.) Ch. Horse, Foaled 1881.			
Doncaster 5.			
Stockwell 3	The Baron 24	Birdcatcher 1	Sir Hercules 2 Gineciolo
		Echidna	Economist 96 Miss Pratt
	Pocahontas	Glencoe 1	Sultan 8 Trampoline
		Marpessa	Muley 6 Clare
Marigold	Teddington 2	Orlando 19	Touchstone 14 Vulture
		Miss Twickenham	Rockingham 1 Electress
	Sister to Singapore	Ratan 9	Buzzard 8 Pictin Mane
		Daughter of	Melbourne 1 Isbeth
Thornaby	Melbourne 1 Windhound 3	Pantaloon 17	Cartree 2 Idalia
		Phyrne	Touchstone 14 Decoy
	Alice Hawthorn	Muley Moloch 9	Muley 6 Nancy
		Rebecca	Lottery 1 Cervantes Marl
Hurricane	Wild Dayrell	Jon 4	Cain 8 Margaret
		Ellen Middleton	Bay Middleton 1 Myrrha
	Midia	Scutari 1	Sultan 8 Velvet
		Marinella	Soothsayer 15 Bess

In reading a book of John Day's, I find that he warns stud masters against shade trees in their pastures. His experience was drastic, as he had five of the best mares in England killed by one stroke of lightning whilst standing under a shady tree. I have always provided thatch-covered sheds, opening towards the east as a shelter from the cold winds that blow from everywhere except that quarter, but I could never get any of my horses to go into them. Certainly ours is an exceptionally mild climate, but that is my experience. The horses prefer to go where they can raise a little dust, if only to keep the flies off. With regard to the flies, I may add that I have found that painting the hovels a bright blue on the inside did away with the flies in a great measure. The darker you can make it, that is the less light you allow, the better.

I notice that the men that breed the great horses as a rule are the men who have the fewest mares and no stallion. Three or four mares seem to me to be more prolific of good horses than a larger number.

The only other family without a number worth speaking about is the one descended from Betty by Hector, and as none of that family, that I can remember, ever won a classic race, they are not worth considering, though they were very successful in handicaps. This calls to mind an anecdote about a certain horse, before he won the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan was run on the Tuesday, and this horse had run prominently on the previous Saturday, and it was difficult to back him for the Metropolitan. His wily trainer sent round early on the Sunday morning to all

the trainers at Randwick inviting them to "come up and see him, as he was in a 'bad way.'" Just as they were approaching the gate, the trainer stuck the lancet into the horse's jugular—the usual place for bleeding—and he started bleeding into a bucket that had been previously partly filled with bullock's blood. When the trainers stood round he carefully closed up the wound in the jugular, having only taken a few drops from the horse, and overturned the bucket of bullock's blood on the ground. Of course the news went round that the horse had no hope of winning his race—the Metropolitan—and when the Commissioner, who pretended to be very intoxicated, started backing him on the Monday night there was a rush of layers. He was backed for a huge sum, and the *coup* duly came off.

I am afraid that a prejudice exists against very old stallions. Gemma di Vergy never got a really good weight-for-age horse in all his years at the stud until he was 27 years old, when he was regarded as nearly useless. He was then sent as a present to Mr. Thomas Cook, of Turanville. He was there mated with an old mare named Bridesmaid, and the result was the only weight-for-age horse he ever got—Couralie—who won the Doncaster, carrying 9st. 3lb., and either the Melbourne Stakes or the Autumn Stakes.

In the Yearling Sales that have just taken place I notice there is a singular paucity of particulars. This was not so years ago. In former times the catalogue contained the dam's tabulated pedigree on one page, and on the opposite page a list of foals she had thrown

previously. There is nothing like that now, only a few skimpy particulars, chiefly relating to the sire, and I saw yearlings bringing considerably over a thousand pounds which were from mares that had thrown four or five foals by the same sire in previous years—not one of them worth a row of pins. So my readers can see what chance the buyer had of getting a good one, and how important it is to know what a mare has thrown previously.

With regard to the important part the soil plays in connection with the establishment of a stud farm, I might instance the County of Cumberland, which is singularly deficient in the properties that go to constitute a good stud farm. In the early days, all the stud farms were in the County of Cumberland, owing, I think, to its close promixity to Sydney. They were woeful failures. I might instance Andrew Town's Hobartville Stud, and E. K. Cox's Fernhill Stud. They were not paying concerns, and were broken up as better land was found further out. Some good horses were bred by the Hon. James White, at Kirkham, near Camdén, the reason being that he was lucky enough to drop there on the only volcanic patch to be found in the County of Cumberland. There are a few small studs still in the County of Cumberland, but the owners know the deficiency of the soil, and rear their stock on food purchased from other places. I remember asking the late William Forrester how he reared Gaulus, and he said he reared him with his head in the manger. He never dared let him put his head down to feed for fear that he would get his inside full of parasites.

The No. 9 family is very prolific in producing good runners in contradistinction to its failure as a sire family. The immortal Wakeful comes from this family, and she is about the best mare we ever saw on the Australian turf; also Commotion—one of the best horses; Mentor, who won the Melbourne Cup; La Tosca, who won the Leger; and F.J.A., who won the Derby. In fact, I would say that in Australia it is one of the best families for producing racehorses. But I wish again to emphasize the fact that it is a failure as a sire family. Navigator and Trident were both Derby winners, but were dire failures at the stud, whereas their sister Copra was a first-class brood mare, and threw some of the best runners on the turf. Seahorse, the best runner in New Zealand, in his time, was also from this family.

No. 3 stands out in Australia and in England as the best sire family; Galopin, Stockwell, Rataplan and King Tom bear that number, and in Australia Wallace, Sir Hercules, Maribyrnong and Musket were year after year at the head of the sires. Galopin sired St. Simon No. 11, who carried the line on with even greater brilliancy, being assisted thereto by his dam St. Angela, who was by King Tom, No. 3, which bears out Bruce Lowe's contention that the sire families were Nos. 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14.

I would call the attention of my readers to the tabulated pedigree of Prince Foote, in this volume, and they will notice that he has the double cross of Hermit—there were two strains of Hermit in his dam. Prince Foote won the two Derbys and the Melbourne Cup as a three-year-old, and all the best weight-for-

age races, winning over £10,000 in stakes. (See pedigree on page 30.)

The detractors of Bruce Lowe always advance the success of the progeny of the mares without a number as a proof that his reasoning is not sound. But if they would go a step further they would find that if those mares' pedigrees could be traced, they would most likely be found to be No. 1, 2 or 3, whereas a horse with a big number is much more to be avoided, as it means that not one of that family ever won a classic race—which is not a good recommendation.

To the unthinking the success of Malster would point to the conclusion that the figure system is not as sound as some would think, but if they would consult the tabulated pedigree of Malster's successful progeny they would find that they are invariably from mares bearing a good number—or, as in the case of Maltine, no number at all. Malster's best was Desert Rose, out of a No. 3 mare, and Beverage was out of a No. 5.

Reverting again to Sir Hercules, I would point out that the dam of Lord Burleigh was another whose pedigree was buried in obscurity, but when she was mated with Yattendon, the son of Sir Hercules, she produced three good horses, Lord Burleigh, Lord Lisgar and Lord Yattendon. Another was Sultana, who was not a success until mated with Yattendon, when she threw two really good horses in Sweetmeat and Sterling.

To show how a chance-bred horse is sometimes successful, but never a filly, I would instance Newhaven by Newminster out of Oceana, who was of no account.

Prince Foote.

Sir Foote (imp.)			
Sir Hugo	Wisdom	Blinhoolie	Ratoplan Queen Mary
		Aline	Stockwell Jeu d' Esprit
	Manouvre	Lord Clifden	Newminster The Slave
		Quick March	Ratoplan Qui Vive
Surefoot's Dam.	Galopin	Vedette	Voltigner Mrs. Ridgway
		Flying Duchess	Flying Dutchman Merope
	Miss Foote	Orlando	Touchstone Vulture
		Gossamer	Birdeatcher Cast Steel
Isinglass			
Isonomy	Sterling	Oxford Whisper	
		Stockwell Isoline	
	Isola Bella		
		Deadlock	Wenlock
Malpractice	Crevalier d' Industrie The Dutchman's Daughter		
Petrusehka (imp.)			
Pet of the Chase (imp.)	Peter	Hermit	Newminster Seclusion
		Lady Masham	Brother to Strafford Maid of Masham
	Diana	Galopin	Vedette Flying Duchess
		Fair Rosamond	King John Seclusion

Winners of the Champion Stakes—Three Miles.

Newhaven won everything in Australia, including the Derby and Cup, went to England, won all the great races there, and was mated with some of the choicest dams in England, with the result that he was a dire failure.

Sometimes you meet a mare that won't get in foal, and a way I have found practical and successful is to cut your nails short—as they are very poisonous—soap your hand well, and slip your hand up and feel with your forefinger for the opening into her vagina, and you will find that it is closed. Gently insert your forefinger and work it about until the entrance to her vagina is stretched. Sometimes there is a slight skin over it which you will have to break.

A great curse to the thoroughbred is worms—or what old Bill Forrester used to call parasites. I have found the best way to get rid of them is to give the horse a quart of raw linseed oil with a tablespoonful of turpentine in it. The way to give it to him is to mix it and then give it to him in a lemonade bottle. Elevate his head, simply put the lemonade bottle into the side of his mouth, and the liquid will run down his throat. A horse with worms can easily be told by the hair on the butt of his tail turning upwards, and by his general unthrifty look. I would advise two doses of this about ten days apart—the second dose to catch the eggs that are hatched after the worms have been expelled.

Another way to deal with a mare that obstinately refuses to get in foal is to mix to a paste with a little warm water a cake of compressed yeast, let it stand in a warm room for twelve hours, then stir it up in a

pint of lukewarm, freshly-boiled water, and allow it to stand another twelve hours, then the mixture will be ready for use. Syringe out the vagina with warm water and then inject the yeast mixture into it with a large syringe or through the hole of a funnel, and allow it to remain there. Make the injection the moment the mare is seen to be in season, and have her served forty-eight hours later. If she does not conceive repeat the treatment next time she comes in season, and go on treating her this way until she conceives. If compressed yeast cannot be had, any yeast which does for the making of bread will serve the purpose.

A movement is on foot in Australia, engineered by veterinary surgeons without "work," to make it compulsory that every stallion should be declared sound by them before being allowed to stand for service of mares. They seem to forget that it's nearly impossible for a stallion to be what they call sound because of the unhealthy life that he leads. It is impossible to let a stallion run at large and so live in a healthy manner, and the repeated and severe trials that he goes through racing with his competitors, is sure, sooner or later, to develop weakness somewhere. Even a railway engine will break down at last. I cannot illustrate this better than by pointing to the draught stallions, who, each year, the Government insist on being passed by these veterinary surgeons, before being eligible for prizes at the Agricultural Shows, and as the Government subsidises the shows, they have the cards in their own hands in the power to refuse the subsidy where their veterinary is not allowed to apply their tests.

In the Cowra district, where there are ten thousand draughts going out every day to their hard, laborious work—nine-tenths of them without a shoe on their foot—you cannot find one unsound one, unless he has been kicked and got a bone broken. The stallions getting no exercise and being fed on concentrated food is the sole cause of their unsoundness.

Another pitfall that breeders should avoid is sending their mares a long way for service too soon after foaling. Every man likes to see his mare safely foaled, to see what the foal is like. Then, seized with the idea that he would like to get his mare served on the 8th or 9th day, as he knows it means a certain foal, the mare is despatched with the foal following her. The result is that the foal develops a weakness in the legs that he very seldom gets over. I would advise that the mare be sent to where the horse is standing before foaling.

To show what success you can have buying yearlings, if you stick to the good bred ones and the figures, I will relate my personal experience, though I have tried to keep the personal note out of this book altogether. I purchased at one sale three yearling fillies, Air Motor for 90 guineas, and she won me £4,100 in stakes—and was nearly the best mare in Australia at her four-year-old season—Barleybree for 50 guineas, and she won three or four good races—after which I sold her to Mr. Stead of New Zealand for 300 guineas—and Laconia for 50 guineas, and I sold her, and she was taken to South Africa, where she bred the champion there. Her dam, Dilisk, afterwards produced Mooltan, sold for 2,500 guineas.

On looking at the progeny of the Fawn, who was served year after year by Maribyrnong, and whose progeny steadily got worse, it strikes me what a pity she was not served in alternate years by Yattendon, when most likely all the progeny would have been as good as Richmond. The reason for this—and I expect it will be perpetuated till the comet strikes the earth one of these bright days—is that breeders generally have a stallion, and, as we know, every man's goose is a swan, this will be continued. The late Lord Falmouth, who was the most successful breeder the world ever saw, had no stallion, and he choose the alliances for his mares from all the stallions in England.

The Hon. George Lee, of Leeholme, has followed in his footsteps ever since Sir Hercules died, and he is, considering the small number of mares he breeds from, one of the most successful breeders in Australia.

I would earnestly advise breeders to go carefully over the tabulated successes that they will find in this book of the progeny of Sappho and her daughters. Even at a cursory glance they will see that the breeder that produced Kingsbrough, Lecturer, Savanaka, Nellie, Etraweenie, Wilgemar, Merriwee, Belah and Spinningdale from one mare is on the right lines. Each year his yearlings are most eagerly looked for, and I think, those in search of Derby winners first inspect George Lees, and they invariably bring the highest price.

Another breeder who breeds on these lines in England is Sir Tatton Sykes, and his yearlings invariably top the market there. Moral—if you would be a suc-

cessful breeder don't have a stallion, but seek to mate your mares with whatever blood would seem to suit them best, though I remember that great breeder, Graham of Yardley—who had Oxford and Sterling, and who bred Galopin—said that the late Lord Falmouth was poisoning the breed by sending his mares to a different horse each year.

The Vets. examinations amount to nothing until they discover the constituents of *the blood that runs in the horse's veins*, because it is the vital force in the blood that makes one horse better than another. If you could tell a good horse inevitably by his shape you could pick the Derby winner every time. But when you see a horse like Prince Foote, who is about three stone better than anything of his year, you can only say the case is hopeless, as his best friend could only describe him as “a nice little fellow carrying no lumber.” Diffidence, who won the Sydney Cup, and was the best mare of her year, and Savanaka, who ran second for the Melbourne Cup, and won the Australian Cup, and the Sydney Cup, you would describe in the same way—only Diffidence and Savanaka were ponies.

What I said about first foals seems to have been grasped by the English breeders, as I notice now in all catalogues of yearlings sold—“First foal” is specially emphasized in the catalogues.

As bearing further on Bruce Lowe's remarks on the wisdom of changing the stallion frequently, I would point out that Galeotia by Galopin, winner of the Thousand Guineas, is about the most successful brood mare to-day in England. Her colt Bayardo (Leger) by Bay Ronald, Lemberg (Derby) by Cyllene.

Her next foal by Spearmint. It is not often given to one mare to throw two such horses as Bayardo and Lemberg. Furthermore, I would point out that Galtee More was by Kendall out of Morganette, and Ard Patrick was by St. Florian out of Morganette, both won the Derby, bearing out my contention with regard to changing the sire. Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee represent the other side of the question.

It is not often given to one mare to throw two Derby winners, but I have pointed out a case where a mare threw two Derby winners, and in each case my readers will notice that they are by different stallions. But to give the other side of the question a fair hearing, I must quote the case of Perdita II., who threw two Derby winners by the same horse, St. Simon. I think everyone who knows the turf will agree with me that Diamond Jubilee was the best of a bad year, and was not nearly the horse Persimmon was.

To show the far-reaching effect of the Sir Hercules strain, I will mention Merman, who was by Yattendon's best son, Grand Flaneur, and who went to England and won the Cesarewitch and all the best weight-for-age races in England, the Ascot Cup and the Goodwood Cup, and an offer of 6,000 guineas for him was refused.

When anything dies in a man's stud paddocks the best thing he can do is to at once roll it on to a heap of wood, thoroughly burn it, and remove his mares in foal from that paddock, or the smell of their deceased brother will cause them to slip their foals.

(I do not believe much in saturation. Some will not

breed from a mare that has had a foal by a draught horse. I do not think, however, that it hurts a mare, because Bungebah, one of the best horses we have seen, and Veneda, another weight-for-age horse, were out of mares whose previous foal was by a draught horse. Bungebah and Veneda were the best foals of their respective dams, so that anyone having the bad luck to get a chance foal by a draught horse need not cull the mare for that.

I have never had the privilege of inspecting a gallery of paintings of the founders of the English stud. I would particularly like to have that privilege, because I have noticed that in the wild horses of Australia now and again you see a mob of blacks, bays, browns and greys. I have seen amongst them—at times—a chestnut with four white feet and a white face, and he was invariably the best looking of them all, though not appreciated in Australia, where the horses have to do their work without shoes—as white feet are softer than black feet—but for racing that would not matter, as they are generally shod.

Whenever I saw one of those I always called to mind Blair Athol. Where he got his bald face and four white feet from I don't know, as his sire Stockwell I don't think had four white legs.

Some mares seem to be born unlucky, and every foal they have either dies or gets crippled.

There is another thing I would call particular attention to, and that is that in valuing the pedigree of a horse or mare I would like the reader to note its immediate progenitors. I hold that a horse's sire has double the influence on it that his grandsire has, and

the same his dam and grand dam. I regard the sire as half the progeny, the grandsire as only a quarter. They have more influence than any great horse further back in his pedigree, for with each successive cross a horse will naturally have less of the blood.

I notice sometimes that a great racing mare with big performances fails to throw anything as good as herself. But that need not deter the breeder, because her fillies will in their turn reproduce great foals. Later on I will give instances of these great mares whose daughters failed on the turf, but produced good winners in the second generation.

My readers will now probably expect me to give them some good short advice as to the best way to arrange their stud, and I will endeavour to do so in as few words as possible—in fact, what we call, boil it down. I would advise them to try and secure mares with Grand Flaneur and Chester in their pedigree—descending from some great mare, the more closely related the better to some great English horse. The mares I have in my mind as I write are Cinnamon, who threw Abercorn. She was descended from Clove and White and Blue, who was descended from Bas Blue, who was a sister to Bluegown.

Cinnamon, as I have already stated, threw Abercorn—one of the best horses Australia ever saw—by Chester, and she was the ancestress of Chutney, who threw Desert Rose, the best two-year-old we have seen up to now. White and Blue threw Trieste to Chester, the grandson of Sir Hercules, as before mentioned, about the best of her year, and she in her turn threw Istria to Haut Brion—very nearly the best of her year.

To show how this blood is valued, I saw Istria sold the other day for 1,100 guineas.

Some breeders—and foolishly, so I think—do not like country that is good to fatten cattle on for horse-breeding purposes, as their object is bone and muscle, not fat and beef, but if they will reflect for a minute they will see that it does not follow that the mare will eat the same food as the cattle. She will search the pasture, cropping here and there the bits that suit her, and the cattle will eat the rest.

I will state again, as I have already stated in this book, that one course of Melbourne blood will do more to give them bone and muscle than a dozen generations of feeding on limestone country. Whilst talking of bone, I may point out that the finest boned racehorses I ever saw were Lurline and her son, Darebin, who won the Derby and the Sydney Cups.

An indispensable adjunct to a stud farm is the circular yard. How many good horses do we see crippled for the want of it. Once when experimenting with a box of wooden matches I hit on a good idea for the circular yard. All the posts should be on the *outside*, and the yard should be 20 feet in diameter. Eight panels of sticks, 9 feet long, will make the circumference. On the inside the horse will always be on the turn, and there being no posts in the yard it will be impossible for him to hurt himself. I would advise also that it should be made eight feet high, as the horse would not try to jump it then, but would give up as soon as the gate was shut. The gate forms one of the panels.

With regard to stabling, I have always thought

that scattered boxes of clumps of four, or about four, or something like it, is best for horses. I know a modern trainer likes a place with a passage up the middle and boxes on each side. No doubt this is a great architectural triumph, but whether it is a benefit to the horses I beg leave to doubt. I like them scattered about in boxes all over the place. No doubt it makes more work, but with a boy to each horse, he is best not idle, and in case of fire there is some left to go on with. I like the old-fashioned style of doors, but instead of being cut fair in half, as the ordinary carpenter cuts them, I like the bottom door 5 ft. high, and the top door 3 ft. When the horse is not at exercise he spends the whole of the daylight looking at the world going on outside instead of abusing himself and learning to weave by looking through a crack, or practising crib-biting, the result of idleness, unless, as in some cases, it is taught him by his mother. Sometimes a cold goes through the stable, and you have a chance to check it.

An abomination and a horse-killer is the ordinary sand pit for horses to roll in. It is so loose that many horses, in endeavouring to roll, rick their backs through the sand slipping from under them. They are hurt and nobody knows how it is done. One of our foremost trainers, I think it was Mason of New Zealand, told me he never allowed any of his horses to roll within three weeks of their engagement. But I think in this one is liable to err. If a horse wants to roll he will roll in his box at night, and unless you have it fixed in the way I am about to describe, he will be cast. What I have in my stables is a log a

foot square on the floor all round the wall, so that if the horse rolls too close to the wall the log will throw him back. I notice that in most stables the trainers depend on putting the bedding high around the wall to throw them back. The log, however, which is covered with bedding, does not take up room, and is a sure safeguard any time the bedding is not arranged in the way I have stated.

The following paragraph, taken from to-day's "Sydney Daily Telegraph," proves how necessary it is to be careful in this respect:—

"The horse-breeding industry in New Zealand has received a serious blow by the death of the stallion Soult, which occurred on Saturday last at Glenora Park. When boxed on the preceding day the horse was in his wonted health; but, on his box being opened on Saturday, says an exchange, he was found cast and in a bad way. Mr. E. D. Halstead was hastily summoned from town by telephone. The veterinary surgeon had, however, to make but a short examination to convince him that Soult was in a hopeless condition, a fractured pelvis being revealed, and the horse succumbed during the day. Mr. Halstead is of opinion that the horse became cast in the box, and in struggling to regain his feet he thus injured himself. Soult, who had just completed his 20th year, was a descendant of St. Simon, and was imported to New Zealand in 1896, and he was subsequently acquired at a moderate sum by Mr. W. Walters, the owner of Glenora Park. Soult sired among others Wairiki (Great Northern Guineas, Auckland Cup, and Great Northern Derby), Maniapoto (A.J.C. Metropolitan Stakes), Solution (Hawke's Bay Cup,

A.J.C. Metropolitan Stakes, Craven Plate, and Caulfield Stakes, Waipuna (A.R.C. Easter Handicap and Summer Cup), Annette (Great Northern Guineas), Sol (Great Northern Steeplechase), Soultline (Caulfield Futurity Stakes and Newmarket Handicap), Elysian (Hawke's Bay Guineas, C.J.C. Derby and Canterbury Cup). The total winnings of Soult's stock runs out to a sum reaching to over £96,000. Soult was insured for £600."

Horses will roll, and I think the best thing to do is to let them roll, but break up a piece of ordinary hard ground with a pick and let them roll on that, or spill a load of sand in the yard. The sand yards, however, that I would warn you against are those that are knee-deep in sand.

Reading the *Australasian* to-day I came across a paragraph showing that Sir Tatton Sykes gave his stud groom, Snarry, a cast-off mare—Polly Agnes. This set me thinking of the many men who have succeeded in establishing great studs from one mare. The late W. I'Anson grew rich by the sale of Queen Mary's sons and grandsons. Jackson paid him for Blair Athol alone, shortly before the St. Leger, consequently *after* the son of Blink Bonny had won for his breeder the Derby, not less than £7,000; and Breadalbane, Broomielaw, Blinkhoolie, &c., also considerably swelled his receipts from the male line. With the female progeny of Queen Mary, I'Anson founded a breeding stud, whose yearling produce, from nine to ten in number, realised at Doncaster, as late as 1880, an average of 900 guineas.

In Australia the Hon. George Lee with Sappho,

and his brother Thomas Lee with the Gardener mare followed the example of their English rivals and established families from a single mare.

With regard to chance-bred horses I wish to call attention to the fact that, though Foxall won the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, and had the luck to be bought by Lord Rosebery, was given all the choicest mares in England, and was head of the Mentmore stud, he was a lamentable failure.

Talking of the No. 1 family, I was turning over old *Australasian* files to-day, and found some most interesting reading regarding its successes, particularly that branch of it coming from Paraffin. It appears that Paraffin had two daughters. Lord Rosebery got one—Illuminata—and from her bred two Derby winners—Cicero and Ladas—and one 1,000 guineas winner, Chelandry, the dam of Neil Gow, who won the 2,000 guineas last week, and is now first favorite for the Derby.

The late Sir Daniel Cooper had the other—Footlight—and from it he bred Clare, Flotsam, Lesbia, Flair, Float, and Vivid. Flotsam was the best two-year-old of his year, and Flair was successful in the thousand guineas. I have already quoted the prices these mares realised. The prices they brought proved that Bruce Lowe was right when he graded the families.

The age at which a horse gets his best stock is often guessed at. It is noticeable that Stockwell, for instance, sired Doncaster in the evening of his days, as he was 20 years old when he sired the Derby winner, in 1873, and the same season he got Gang For-

ward, the winner of the 2,000 Guineas, who was afterwards a good sire of brood mares in Australia. Stockwell's best son, it is generally accepted, was Blair Athol.

Mares in foal are very sensitive about having their teeth touched, and I would warn stud masters against interfering with the mare's teeth if she is in foal, because I knew a man who had all his mare's teeth done, with the result that eleven out of twelve slipped their foals.

An old plan of testing whether a mare is in foal is to examine the teat under her tongue. Open her mouth, lift her tongue, and under it you will find a kind of teat. If the mare is in foal this teat will be found to be swollen and full of blood of a bright pink colour. If the mare is not in foal it will be found to be white and flabby, and can hardly be seen.

If you look at a mare that has not been served, and then look at a mare that you know for certain is in foal you will soon be able to test your stud.

The following list includes all the good mares in Australia, and is published so that those having a fancy for buying a mare or a colt will be able to trace them back to see whether they belong to one of the good families, or whether they are simply chance horses.

SAPPHO:

Bred by Mr. George Lee. Got by Marquis from a mare by Zohrab, from a brown mare whose pedigree was lost.

1859—Gr c Forester by Little John (2).

1860—Ch c Premier by Little John (2).

1861—Gr f Paraguay by Little John (2).

1862—Gr f Sappho by Sir Hercules.

1863—Gr c by Sir Hercules.

1864—B f by Sir Hercules.

1866—F (dead) by Misty Morn.

1867—B f Adventuress by Kingston.

1871—B f Jocasta by The Fop.

In Mr. Arthur Hutton's valuable compilation of available classifications of the "families" in the colonies, Sappho is put down as No. 20, which would mean to the superficial observer that there were nineteen better families than Sappho's. But, as you will see by the list of the victories of Sappho's descendants, there is no family superior to Sappho's, and if you compare that list with the list of the performances of the descendants of any of the other great mares, I think you will find that it compares favourably. Mr. Hutton, in making his classification of the families, had to give to the No. 3 family all the victories of the descendants of all the No. 3 mares that happened to be in Australia at that date, whereas Sappho is only credited with the victories of her descendants, which are, of course, the victories of the descendants of one mare only. So that turf statistics, like everything else, have to be read with the inner knowledge the reader may possess.

SAPPHO:

A grey mare, bred in 1862, by Mr. George Lee, got by Sir Hercules from Sappho by Marquis from a mare by Zohrab.

1868—B c Tarquin by Kingston.

- 1869—Gr c Lecturer by Kingston.
 1871—B c Kingsborough by Kingston.
 1874—Gr c Savanaka by Kingston.
 1875—Bl or gr f Emily by Tim Whiffler E.
 1876—Br f Nellie by Tim Whiffler E.
 1877—B c Bertie by Maribyrnong.
 1878—Gr or bl f Spinningdale by Maribyrnong.
 1879—Bl or gr c Saionara by Maribyrnong.
 1880—Gr f Dorothy by Maribyrnong.
 1882—Ch c Phaon by King of the Ring.
 Died 1883.

NELLIE:

- 1882—Ch c Hampstead by First King.
 1883—Br c Democrat II. by First King.
 1884—Br c Master George by Maribyrnong.
 1885—Missed.
 1886—Br f Epi by Epigram.
 1888—Br c Yarran by Epigram.
 1889—Fr f Etra Weenie by Trenton.
 1890—Br c Currawang by Trident.
 1891—Br f Athata by Trident
 1892—Br f Lady Helena by Trident.
 1893—Ch f Kangalandai by Trident
 1894—Br c Induna by Trenton.

Died February, 1895.

Nellie reminds me of her sister, a little black mare called Emily, that, I think, Sir Hercules Robinson used to race. When Sir Hercules Robinson was Governor of New South Wales he did for the turf in Australia what Admiral Rous did for it in England, and his influence has never been forgotten. We have only had one racing Governor since, and that was Lord Car-

rington, and the pity of it is that he did not have better luck—though he did have one fair mare, Esperance—which shows the lottery in buying yearlings. Day, the Vet., was buying for him at the Hobartville sales, and just at the close, when the last yearling was being led in, Lord Carrington, on being informed how many he had bought, told Day he had not purchased enough, and so to repair his error the Vet. bought the last—Esperance, for £50, and she was worth the lot that had cost some thousands.

ETRA WEENIE.

- 1895—B f Diffidence by Pilgrim's Progress.
- 1896—Bl c Merriwee by Bill of Portland.
- 1897—Br. f Wigelmar by Bill of Portland.
- 1898—Br c Leeholme by Haut Brion.
- 1899—Br f Murna by Haut Brion.
- 1900—B c Great Heart by Pilgrim's Progress
- 1901—Slipped foal by Bill of Portland.
- 1902—Br c Roycroft by Grafton.
- 1903—Slipped foal by Sir Foote.
- 1904—B f Lady Joan by Sir Foote.
- 1905—Br f Nalurmi by Positano.
- 1906—Br f Simmerette by Simmer.
- 1907—Missed.
- 1908—Br c by Positano.

The appended table will show the successes achieved in important races by the descendants of Sappho:—

Melbourne Cup, Merriwee.

V.R.C. Derby, Merriwee.

Maribyrnong Plate, Etra Weenie—Yarran.

Sydney Cup, Diffidence, Savanaka.
 Australian Cup, Savanaka.
 A.J.C. Derby, Nellie, Kingsbrough, Belah.
 Champagne Stakes, Nellie, Kingsbrough, Spinningdale, Wilga.
 V.R.C. Oaks, Etra Weenie.
 Caulfield Guineas, Master Foote.
 Debutant Stakes, Wigelmar, St. Lawrence.
 Adelaide Cup, Mora.
 Carrington Stakes, Heiro.
 A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes, Spinningdale.
 December Stakes, Spinningdale.
 A.J.C. St. Leger, Kingsbrough.
 Brisbane Cup, Rabato.
 Canterbury Derby, Scots Grey.
 Wanganui Derby, Queen of Trumps.
 Tattersall's Cup, Rosemead.
 Perth Cup, Scorcher.

The rise of this family dates from its union with Sir Hercules. I have said this before in other words, when denouncing the Arabs. I have no patience with those visionaries who tell the old yarn about the Arab's "tireless stride" and his "fiery eye," for the best of them are about three stone inferior to the worst Plater in England, as was demonstrated when the late King ran a match with one of the best Arabs procurable against a Plater, whose kind owner provided a very bad Plater, so that the King's fall would not be too great.

JULIET:

Brown mare, bred in England, in 1851, by Mr. Worthington, by Touchstone from Lancashire Witch by

Tomboy from Kite by Bustard from Olympia by Sir Oliver.

1860—Ch f Chrysolite by Stockwell.

1864—B f Sylvia by Fisherman.

1865—Br f Ragpicker by Fisherman.

1866—B c Charon by Ferryman.

1868—Br c The Friar by Maribyrnong.

1869—Br f Capulet by Maribyrnong.

1870—Ch c The Hook by Fish Hook.

1872—Dead foal by Tom King.

Not served in 1860, missed 1863, 1867, 1873,
slipped foal in 1862. Died 1872.

At the sale of the Fisher stud, Mr. Wentworth bought Sylvia and Chrysolite, and kept them for some time at Greystanes, where he was then living, and mated them with Rapid Bay. Nothing of any note came from this union, and getting tired of the game he sold them to a New Zealand stud company, who mated them with Musket. The result was Martini Henry, whom Mr. James White saw as a foal in New Zealand, as he was on his way to England, and purchased for 1,250 guineas. He was given to Payten to train, and at his first start he won the V.R.C. Derby, and on his second start he won the Melbourne Cup, beating First Water, another of the Juliet tribe, whose success would have meant at least £100,000 to the punters. Martini Henry labors under the suspicion of not being too game, as he certainly cut it in the Champion race, when Le Grand got to him. Martini Henry's sister Engagement was bought for England, and I think was raced there but was not a success. She was mated with the premier stallion, St. Simon, the result being Engarde,

who was imported to Australia the other day by Mr. E. R. White, of Merton.

Nordenfeldt was sent with others as a yearling to Sydney for sale, and Mr. White got him for 1,200 guineas. He was a great success, winning all the classic races. He then returned to New Zealand to take up stud duties, and did good work until he was purchased by the late Mr. S. Hordern, who brought him back to New South Wales. But his health was not too good, and from that out he did not do much for his purchaser.

CHRYSOLEITE:

1866—Br c — by Ferryman.

1867—B f Cleolite (Killed at Kyneton) by Angler.

1868—B f The Gem by Maribyrnong.

1870—B c Lapidist by Fireworks.

1871—B c Firestick by Fireworks.

1872—Br f Onyx by Angler.

1873—Br c Robinson Crusoe by Angler.

1874—Ch c Confucius (late C.B.F.) by Fireworks.

1876—B c Defoe by Angler.

1877—B c Henchman by Angler.

1878—B f Aureola by Angler.

1879—Br f Vacluse by Rapid Bay.

1880—B f Chrysophrase by Rapid Bay.

1881—B f (dead) by Maribyrnong.

1882—B f Crystal by Maribyrnong.

1883—Ch c Emerald by Crown Prince.

1885—Royalist by Crown Prince.

1866—Ch c Crown Jewel by Crown Prince.

1888—Ch c Prince of Wales by Grandmaster.
Missed 1869, 1875, 1884, 1887, 1889, 1890.

Died 19th April, 1891, at Duckenfield
Park, N.S.W.

Chrysolite's best foal was Robinson Crusoe, who, as a two-year-old, was on that memorable shipwreck—City of Melbourne—and was knocked about so that he was carried on shore on sheets, and hovered between life and death for some weeks. It was in this wreck that Robin Hood was drowned, and Nemesis also, who had just won the Sydney Cup.

Robinson Crusoe recovered, and I remember him fighting a great battle in the A.J.C. Derby with The Barb's best son, Tocal, whom he beat by a head. Robinson Crusoe was a great sire. He shone especially as the sire of brood mares. His bright particular star was Insomnia, the dam of Wakeful, who only had the one foal. He also sired Copra, the dam of those four good ones, Coil, Cocos, Camoola and Cobbity. Cocos upset a great pot when he beat Bobadil for the V.R.C. Derby.

SYLVIA:

1870—B c Goldsbrough by Fireworks.

1871—Ch f Cynthia by Fireworks.

1872—Br c Robin Hood (drowned) by
Fireworks.

1873—Br c (drowned) by The Marquis.

1874—Br f Curlew by the Marquis.

1875—Colt (dead) by Fireworks.

1876—B f Maid Marian by The Marquis.

1877—Ch f Sylvan by Fireworks.

- 1878—Br c Gloucester by Fireworks.
 1879—B f Greendale by Rapid Bay.
 1880—B c Martini Henry by Musket.
 1881—Br f Woodnymph by Musket.
 1882—Br f Elfin by Musket.
 1883—Ch c Silver Prince by Anteros.
 1884—B or br f Engagement by Musket.
 1885—B f Forest Queen by Musket.
 1888—Slipped foal by Nordenfeldt.
 1889—Slipped foal by St. Leger.
 1890—B f Julia by Ignomar.
 Missed in 1886 and 1887.

The following is a list of the performances of the descendants of Juliet:—

Derby: Charon, Robin Hood, Lapidist, Martini Henry.

A.J.C. Derby: Charon, Benvolio, Robinson Crusoe, Nordenfeldt and Sylvanite.

V.R.C. St. Leger: Martini Henry.

A.J.C. St. Leger: Robinson Crusoe, Robin Hood and Goldsbrough.

Melbourne Cup: Martini Henry.

Melbourne Cup: Martini Henry.

V.R.C. Oaks Stakes: Sylvia, Vacluse and Dainty.

Ascott Vale Stakes: Lapidist.

Debutant Stakes: Sylvanite.

Champagne Stakes: Robinson Crusoe.

Doncaster Handicap: The Hook and Sardonyx.

Adelaide Cup: First Water.

Metropolitan: Goldsbrough.

Australian Cup: First Water.

Toorak Handicap: Precious Stone.

OMEN :

Omen ,a bay mare, bred in England in 1851 : got by Melbourne from Stormy Petrel by Sheet Anchor, from the Warwick mare by Merman.

1856—Br f Stormy Petrel by Muscovado.

1858—Br c Flying Cloud by Frank.

1861—Br c The Sign by Muscovado.

1862—B f Sea Gull by Fisherman.

1864—Br c Token by Fisherman.

1865—Br f Barometer by Fisherman.

1867—B f Zillah by Stockowner.

1868—Br c The Collector by Stockowner.

1869—Br f Vision by Ace of Clubs.

1870—Bc Storm King by Peter Wilkins.

Dead foal in 1855, missed in 1857, 1859, 1860,
1866.

BEATRICE :

1873—B f Cracker by Fireworks.

1875—B c His Lordship by The Marquis.

1876—B or br c His Grace by the Marquis.

1878—B c Benedict by The Marquis.

1879—Ch f Bettina by Robinson Crusoe.

1880—B f Olga by Piscator.

1882— c (dead) by Robinson Crusoe.

1884—B c Fishing Rod by Piscator.

1886—Ch c Derelict by Robinson Crusoe.

Died September, 1889.

OLGA :

1885—Ch c John S. by Guinea.

1887—B f Emmie by Robinson Crusoe.

- 1889—B c Ruenalf by Grand Flaneur.
 1890—Ch c Patron by Grand Flaneur.
 1891—Br f Patroness by Grand Flaneur.
 1892—Ch f Patrona by Grand Flaneur.
 1893—Bl c (dead) by Marvellous.
 1895—B c Macaenas by Grand Flaneur.
 1896—B c Pythoias (died 1898) by Grand Flaneur.
 1897—B c Patronage by Grand Flaneur.
 Died in 1898.

MELESINA:

Bred in Ireland by Lord Middleton, in 1849. Got by Harkaway from Potteen by Young Blacklock from Brandy Bet by Canteen from Bigottini by Thunderbolt from Tramp's dam.

- 1853—B f Jujube by Sweetmeat.
 1854—Br f Mouldy by Mildew.
 1856—C by Falstaff.
 1856—F by Faugh-a-Ballagh.
 1857—Missed.
 1858—Br f Sweetheart by Red Hart.
 1859—B c Bladensburg by Indian Warrior.
 1860—Missed.
 1861—Ch f Gwendoline by Indian Warrior.
 1862—Br c Day & Martin by Mr. Martin.
 1863—B c Freetrader by The Hermit.
 1864—Br c Kingfisher by Fisherman.
 1865—B f The Fawn by The Premier.
 1866—B f (dead) by The Premier.

SWEETHEART:

- 1861—Br f Paramour by Indian Warrior.

- 1862—B f Caress by Indian Warrior.
1863—Br f Eloise by The Hermit.
1864—Br f Queen of Hearts by The Premier.
1865—Br f Mermaid by Fisherman.
1867—Br f Sweetlips by Cossack.
1868—Br c Scipio (dead) by Cossack.
1869—Br c (dead) by New Warrior.
1870 B f (dead) by The Don.
1871—Br or bl f Sunbeam by The Barb.
1872—Br f Blink Bonny by The Barb.
1873—Bl c Tocal by The Barb.
1874—Br c Sweetmeat by The Barb.
1875—Br c by Kelpie.
1876—B or br f First Love by Maribyrnong.
1877—Br c (dead) by Goldsbrough.
Slipped Foal in 1866.

THE FAWN:

- 1872—Br c Richmond by Maribyrnong.
1873—Missed.
1874—Br f Richmond Belle by Maribyrnong.
1875—Br c Bosworth by Maribyrnong.
1876—B f Astarte by Maribyrnong.
1877—B f Palmyra by Maribyrnong.
1878—Missed.
1879—B c Segenhoe by Maribyrnong.
1880—B c Warwick by Maribyrnong.
1881—B f Superba by Maribyrnong.
1882—Br f Genesta by Maribyrnong.
1883—Br c Moutem (died 1885) by Maribyrnong.

MELODY:

Bred in 1875 by Mr. F. S. Reynolds, by The Barb from Mermaid, by Fisherman from Sweetheart (imp.).

1879—Ch c Trumpet Major by Goldsbrough.

1880—Ch f Music by Goldsbrough.

1881—Ch c The Broker by Goldsbrough.

1882—Ch f Melodious by Goldsbrough.

1883—Ch c Minstrel Boy by The Drummer.

1884—B f Liedertafel by The Drummer.

1885—Br c Melos by Goldsbrough.

1886—Br f Minuet by Goldsbrough.

1889—Br f Melodia by Goldsbrough.

1890—B or br f Soprano by Goldsbrough.

1892—Br f Melodise by Goldsbrough.

1893—Br or bl f Orchestra by Goldsbrough.

1896—Br or bl c Melodian by Sir William.

Missed 1887, 1888, 1894, 1895.

Slipped foal 1897. Died March 29th, 1898.

The foregoing list illustrates my contention that it is necessary to change the sire frequently. Melody, it will be noticed, threw nothing wonderful until she was served twice by the Drummer, viz., in 1883 and 1884, then by Goldsbrough in 1885, when the result was Melos, who was quite first-class, as he won the Hawkesbury Guineas, A.J.C. Derby, St. Leger, Champion Stakes and Randwick Plate—all great weight-for-age races. In the Champion race he put the seal on his fame by beating Carbine and Dreadnought. Wallace was the next best in this family, as he won nearly £7,000 in stakes—the races being the V.R.C. Flying Stakes, V.R.C. Derby, Caulfield Guineas, A.J.S. Leger, Sydney Cup, and Cumberland Stakes, and he

ran a dead heat with Auraria in the C. B. Fisher Plate, and dead heated with Quiver in the Champion Stakes. I think we can trace his successes in a great measure to the influence of Sir Hercules, as his grand dam Melody was by The Barb.

In selecting a yearling you should be careful to select one with a good head, because *the head will never alter. The body may*, and in all probability will—a horse always grows to his head—a good head improves, and *vice versa*. With regard to keeping too many mares, I once read that a great agricultural chemist said: "The greatest enemy to a weak plant is another weak plant too close to it, as they both require the same plant food." I would specially emphasize this in regard to thoroughbred horses. Where there is room for one, and he will grow and improve, there is not room for two, because they both required the same food.

To show the folly of buying yearlings at boom prices, because their brothers were great horses, I will point out that they are invariably worse than their brothers, unless the mare has been served by another horse of different blood between times. If you will read you will find that in every case where a mare has been served by the one horse her progeny continually gets worse.

The following list proves my assertion:—

	Price.	Stakes
	Guineas.	won.
Orcus (1905)	3050	.. 60
Lord Randolph (1889)	2300	.. 140
Havoc (1890)	2200	.. 1996

	Price. Guineas.	Stakes Won.
Calverite (1906)	2100	.. —
Mosquetaire (1889)	2025	.. —
Lady Joan (1904)	2000	.. 275
Warwick (1880)	2000	.. 1507
Segenhoe (1879)	2000	.. 1925
Superba (1881)	1900	.. —
Sudbury (1881)	1750	.. —
Master Foote	1600	.. 845
Montem (1883)	1550	.. —
Petrea (1876)	1550	.. 2768
Gloucester (1878)	1500	.. 110
Iolaire (1908)	1420	.. 4770
Formeden	1450	.. —
Garcon (1890)	1400	.. 90
Wanganella (1890)	1400	.. 200
Royal Artillery (1898)	1400	.. 2440
Redbourne (1885)	1325	.. —
Strata Florida (1899)	1300	.. 1496
Kilbride (1905)	1300	.. —
Genesta (1882)	1300	.. —
Abydos (1884)	1300	.. —
Martini Henry (1880)	1250	.. 4861
Arcturus (1903)	1250	.. 127
Indiscreet (1907)	1205	.. —
Miranda (1884)	1200	.. —
Nordenfeldt (1882)	1200	.. 2858
Monoform (1901)	1200	.. 130
Murna (1899)	1175	.. —
Cocos (1895)	1150	.. 3552
Lennox (1882)	1120	.. 128
Malabar II. (1890)	1100	.. —
Forest Queen (1885)	1100	.. 180

	Price. Guineas.	Stakes Won.
Seddon (1905)	1100 ..	943
Charles Stuart	1100 ..	3100
Currawang (1890)	1100 ..	—
Pascarel (1889)	1075 ..	10
Tamarisk (1883)	1000 ..	629
Rosewood (1884)	1050 ..	—
Cravat (1892)	1050 ..	3127
Hengist (1898)	1050 ..	90
Ascotvale (1888)	1050 ..	1146
Culloden (1889)	1050 ..	1857
Beryl (1885)	1040 ..	—
Steadfast (1888)	1025 ..	1253
Lillium (1878)	1025 ..	—L
Carrageen (1889)	1000 ..	870
Chetwynd (1885)	1000 ..	583
Vigilante (1907)	1000 ..	—
Emir (1901)	1000 ..	6648
Praleen (1900)	1000 ..	531
Donald (1899)	1000 ..	—
Lancaster (1896)	1000 ..	1147
Pounamu (1890)	1000 ..	250
Iolanthe (1881)	1000 ..	1669
Anglers Gem (1882)	1000 ..	—
Huntingtower (1884)	100 ..	745
Pilatus (1890)	1000 ..	410

It seems to me that a mare, having thrown a great horse, gives him something that she is not able to give her succeeding foals, until she has been served by a horse of different blood. I think it is far preferable, if you have a thousand pounds to spend on yearlings, to buy half a dozen good sorts from about £150 to £200 apiece. By doing so you would be far more

likely to get a good horse that way than by spending a lot of money on one. I have seen, so many times, a man buying a fashionable yearling and getting him, say, for £100 less than he expected, buy one for the £100 that turns out better than the bigger priced one. I would advise you to keep in mind this oft-repeated maxim of mine that you can get a good chance-bred colt, but never a filly.

I was much amused at reading the other day where one of Bruce Lowe's detractors tried to ridicule his system and prove that his grounds were not sound. His chief contention was: Give me a pedigree full of Stockwell, Sir Hercules, and Musket blood, and I will back the produce against anything scientifically bred on Bruce Lowe's system. This gentleman, without knowing it, was proving Bruce Lowe's system, as those three sires are No. 3, which Bruce Lowe recommends as the best sire family, and further recommends that they stand in-breeding to themselves.

I will now go through the Bruce Lowe numbers of the mares imported to Australia, and try and show the breeders the families that it is desirable to acquire, and the lines on which to mate them.

NO. 1 FAMILY.

This family is most successful when mated with Nos. 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14. I desire to say now in this connection that the English and Continental breeders seemed to have grasped Bruce Lowe's figures in their entirety, for, although they allow sires of No. 1 family from the best branch, such as Bright Steel, Traquair, Petrillo, Challenger, and Pomander, and while they

allow these to be acquired by Australian breeders, you cannot acquire their female relatives at any price. To prove this I will now recount the sale of the late Sir Daniel Cooper's stud, which was descended chiefly from the good branch of the No. 1 family, Footlight:—Flair brought 15,000 guineas, Lesbia 9,000 guineas, Film 2,300 guineas, and Silver Thread 2,100 guineas. I would not object to breed from the stallions named provided their mates were full of sire blood—preferably No. 3. I think the best representative of No. 1 family that has been imported is White and Blue, by Monseigneur, out of Blue Garter, sister to Blue Gown, winner of the English Derby. Her descendants are Revenue, winner of the Melbourne Cup; Istria, Doncaster, Titan by Chester, who sold for 4,500 guineas; and Trieste.

NO. 2 FAMILY.

This family includes Mersey, dam of the great Carbine, whose equal, unless it was The Barb, we have never seen in Australia, and who was sold for 13,000 guineas, went to England and sired Spearmint, winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris—certainly the best of his year. Carnage, half-brother to Carbine, won the V.R.C. Derby, and went to England, and was sold for 10,000 guineas. Another member of the No. 2 family worthy of special mention is Instep—who is from Sandal, grand dam of Sainfoin, winner of the English Derby—and from whom are descended The Admiral, winner of the V.R.C. Derby; Aura, dam of Auraria, who won the Melbourne Cup; Aurum, who won the Ascotvale Stakes, Champagne Stakes, Caulfield Guineas, and V.R.C. Leger, and was the best of his year. Golden Slipper, another daughter of Aura,

won the C.J.C., Champagne, and Challenge Stakes, and was sold for 4,500 guineas. I think Marchioness is worthy of being included in this list, as she stands alone as the only English Oaks winner ever imported to Australia. From her are descended Angler, winner of the V.R.C. Derby and Leger. Fish Hook won the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes, St. Leger, Sydney Cup, V.R.C. St. Leger and Champion Stakes. Florence won the V.R.C. Derby, the Oaks, A.J.C. Champagne and St. Leger. Hamlet, the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes, and both the A.J.C. and V.R.C. St. Legers. Litigant, the winner of the V.R.C. Oaks, and True Blue, the most successful sire of stayers in Australia to-day.

No. 3 FAMILY.

This family begins with Atlantis, from whom are descended Apologue, winner of the Melbourne Cup, Gladsome, one of the best mares we have ever had in Australia, Happy Land, and St. Leger, one of the best sires in New Zealand. Another branch—Clove—traces back to Hybla, dam of Kettle Drum, winner of the English Derby. Clove was the dam of Brown Duchess, dam of Cinnamon, by Whalebone, half-brother to Sir Hercules, from Clove, a full sister to Mincemeat, a winner of the English Oaks. Clove won the A.J.C. Derby. Her most successful descendants were Brown Duchess and Cinnamon, the dam of Abercorn. He won the V.R.C. Champion, St. Leger, A.J.C. Derby, and St. Leger. He was a great horse, and was really entitled to rank with Carbine. He started on 35 occasions, winning on 21. He was second eight times, third four times, and was unplaced twice—a record that has

hardly ever been equalled, and never beaten, considering the horses he met. He had three goes with Carbine at weight-for-age races, and won twice. His sister, Spice, won the Ascotvale Stakes, and V.R.C. Oaks. Another Ascotvale Stakes winner was Condiment. Also descended from this mare is that great performer, Desert Rose—about the best two-year-old we have seen in Australia. Another great mare of the No. 3 family is Edella, dam of Malua, who won the Melbourne Cup, also the Australian and Adelaide Cups. This was a great horse. You could not put him wrong, as his great victories on the flat and over hurdles, bear witness. He won the Grand National, carrying over 11 stone. The others include Sheet Anchor and Glenloth, both Melbourne Cup winners.

Melesina was, I think, the greatest of them all. Her greatest descendant was Wallace, the best of the year, and a great sire, as his stock have won over £50,000 in stakes. Others descended from her included Melos, Bosworth, Palmyra, and a host besides. She was a most prolific breeder, and to show how she was valued, I may add that there are over 60 mares in the Australian Stud Book descended from her.

Rose de Florence was another great mare. The successes of this mare have not been so marked on the turf as one would expect from her breeding, but the failure has been more than compensated by the greatness of the sires she has given to Australia. Mari-byrnong, Ferryman, King of the Ring, and Piscator, were sons of this mare. I attribute the successes of sires from this mare to her dam Boarding School Miss, who was by Plenipotentiary out of Marpessa. The latter was the dam of the immortal Pocahontas.

NO. 4 FAMILY.

There does not seem to have been anything much good imported bearing this number. But the following mares are a branch of the No. 11 family, included in the No. 4 family in error by Bruce Lowe—Herman Goos and Wackerow. Wanklyn is my authority for this, and I will take the liberty of quoting him in globo, as follows:—"The following mares are a branch of No. 11 family, but are included in the No. 4 family, because the standard works of Bruce Lowe, Herman Goos, Wackerow, have so included them. The compilers of the General Stud Book, in the 5th edition, Vol. I., on p. 48, inserted a footnote to the Skim mare (dam of Telemachus and Expectation), as follows:—'Mr. Vernon's own stud book gives this Skim mare as out of Young Country Wench by Janus—Crab and Telemachus was entered and advertised as dam of Skim—James—Crab, which is right of both pedigrees?' With this evidence before them, it seems strange that the compilers did not correct the breeding of this Skim mare by inserting Young Country Wench instead of Spinster, and including her in Young Country Wench's foalings. The footnote mentioned above is inserted in Herman Goos' tables. The result of this correction would have been to transpose the No. 4 and No. 11 families in their order of precedence, because Our Nell, Manganese, Apology, Wenlock, Kisber, Macgregor, Common, Throstle, Thormanby, Miss Jummy, Hauteur, Brigantine, Bonavista, Sir Visto, and Lord of the Isles, are all classic winners and descendants of Expectation by Herod. In compiling the New Zealand Stud Book, the family is all returned as No. 11, but it would only lead to confusion

if this work differed from the accepted works mentioned above, therefore all descendants of Expectation will be referred to with an asterisk."

The best of the No. 11 family in Australia was Rosemary by Stockwell, and from her descend Trafalgar, Corroboree, Munderah.

No. 5 FAMILY.

Mirror (imp.) by Sir Hercules (English) is one of the best of this number. None of her descendants are world beaters like Carbine, but there were many of them that were fairly good. There are over 80 mares descendants of hers, in the Australian Stud Book. I think Nelson was her best descendant, as he won the Dunedin, Wellington and Auckland Cups twice. Omen, by Melbourne, was also another great mare. Her best was undoubtedly Emir—the best of his year. Patron won the Caulfield Guineas, V.R.C. Leger and Melbourne Cup, and was sent to England, and sold for 5,000 guineas. His sister, Patroness, won the Sydney Cup. Beanba won the V.R.C. Oaks; San Fran won the A.J.C. Metropolitan Stakes and Sydney Cup, and is a fairly successful sire in New Zealand. Petruschka by Isinglass sprang into fame in one act. She produced Prince Foote—far and away the best horse in Australia to-day. He has won all the great weight-for-age races and the Melbourne Cup. I attribute this mare's greatness to her being descended in a direct line from Seclusion, the dam of Hermit, winner of the English Derby. Steppe is another No. 5. She is by Saunterer out of Seclusion, dam of the English Derby winner, Hermit, and her descendants are Bobadil,

Russley, She, Stepniak. What I have said about Petruschka applies also to her.

No. 7 FAMILY.

Passing No. 6 family, in which there is nothing very much good, I come to No. 7 family. Powder is the best of this lot. Her descendants include Arsenal, winner of the Melbourne Cup, and Crossfire, who won the Doncaster Handicap at two years, and produced Alawa, who won the V.R.C. Derby, and was the best of his year. Briseis is the only other mare that won the Doncaster at two years old. In the case of Briseis, coming events cast their shadows before them, as she won the V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Cup at three years, and is the only mare that ever won the double.

No. 8 FAMILY.

This is a great sire family, and is headed by Lady Chester, dam of Chester, who won the Derby and Melbourne Cup, and was a great sire. It includes Chesham, who won the Ascotvale Stakes; Dewey, who won the Caulfield Cup; Solution, winner of the A.J.C. Metropolitan Stakes, sold for 4,000 guineas, and Vavasor, winner of the Sydney Cup. This branch of the No. 8 family is one of the best in the whole Stud Book, both as a sire line, and for daughters producing winners. Washed Ashore was another No. 8. Descended from her are Dilisk, dam of Mooltan, who won the A.J.C. Metropolitan Stakes twice, and was sold for 2,500 guineas; Cabin Boy, winner of the V.R.C. Leger, and Hautesse.

NO. 9 FAMILY.

Atholine. The successes of this family were chiefly in the two-year-old races. Habena and Narina both won the Maribyrnong Plate. Neith was also descended from this mare, and sold for 2,000 guineas to go to India. Cocoanut, one of the greatest winner producers Australia ever saw, was the dam of Navigator, the best of his year. He won the Ascotvale and A.J.C. Champagne Stakes as a two-year-old, and as a three-year-old he won the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derby, and the Australian Cup, carrying 8 st. 3 lbs. His sister, Copra, was the dam of Camoola, winner of the Ascotvale Stakes, V.R.C. Derby, and Champion Races, the A.J.C. Derby and Leger. Cobbity, who won the A.J.C. Derby and Caulfield Guineas, Coil, who won the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes and Australian Cup; and Cocos, who won the Debutant Stakes and V.R.C. Derby. Cocoanut was also the dam of Trident, who won the same great races as Navigator, and in addition the V.R.C. Champion Stakes; Seahorse, also a descendant of Cocoanut, won the Hawkesbury Guineas, C.J.C. Derby, Canterbury Cup, and New Zealand Cup. A peculiarity of this family is the greatness of their runners, and their awful failure as sires—which is shared by all sires of the No. 9 family: Evening Star, dam of Commotion, one of the greatest stayers and winner producers on the female side; Nightmare, daughter of Evening Star, produced Mentor, winner of the Melbourne Cup; Dreamland, winner of the Maribyrnong Plate, and Australian Cup; La Tosca, winner of the A.J.C. Leger; and Insomnia, dam of Wakeful, the best mare we have seen in Australia.

I give Wakeful's performances in extenso:—

WAKEFUL:

Foaled in 1896. Bred by W. R. Wilson, at St. Albans, Victoria; owned by C. L. Macdonald. By Trenton from Insomnia by Robinson Crusoe from Nightmare by Panic. Did not run till four years old.

PERFORMANCES:

AT FOUR YEARS OLD.

Race.	Weight. st. - lbs.	Stake.	Position.
Oakleigh Plate, 5½ f.	6 9	£600	First
Newmarket Handicap, 6 f. ...	7 6	1641	First
Doncaster Handicap, 1 m. ..	7 10	1332	First
V.A.T.C. Doona Trial, 5 f.	6 10	15	Second
Sydney Cup, 2 m.	7 10	150	Third
V.R.C. Paddock Handicap, 6 f.	7 4	0	Unplaced

AT FIVE YEARS OLD.

Caulfield Stakes, w.f.a., 9 f. ..	8 13	325	First
Melbourne Stakes, w.f.a., 1¼ m.	8 12	458	First
St. George's Stakes, w.f.a., 1 m.	8 12	250	First
V.R.C. All-aged Stakes, w.f.a., 1 m.	8 12	432	First
A.J.C. Autumn Stakes, w.f.a., Essendon Stakes, w.f.a., 1½ m.	9 0	450	First
1½ m.	9 0	395	First
Sydney Cup, 2 m.	9 7	2054	First
A.J.C. All-aged Stakes, w.f.a., 1 m.	8 13	416	First

Race	Weight. st. lbs.	Stake.	Position.
A.J.C. Plate, w.f.a., 3 m.	9 3	£508	First
Caulfield Cup, 1½ m.	8 13	150	Second
V.R.C. Flying Stakes, w.f.a., 7 f.	8 11	100	Second
V.A.T.C. Futurity Stakes, w.f.a., 7 f.	9 13	250	Second
Champion Stakes, w.f.a., 3 m.	9 2	300	Second
Loch Plate, w.f.a., 1 m.	9 5	50	Third
Melbourne Cup, 2 m.	8 10	—	Unplaced

AT SIX YEARS OLD.

A.J.C. Spring Stakes, w.f.a., 1½ m.	9 1	427	First
Craven Plate, w.f.a., 1½ m.	8 13	404	First
Randwick Plate, w.f.a., 2¼ m.	9 3	392	First
Caulfield Stakes, w.f.a., 9 f.	8 13	325	First
Eclipse Stakes, 11 f.	9 4	250	First
Melbourne Stakes, w.f.a., 1¾ m.	8 12	552	First
C. B. Fisher Plate, w.f.a., 1½ m.	9 0	233	First
St. Heliers Stakes, w.f.a., 9 f.	9 6	250	First
Essendon Stakes, w.f.a., 1¼ m.	9 0	400	First
Champion Stakes, 3 m.	9 2	695	First
V.R.C. October Stakes, w.f.a., 1¼ m.	9 6	40	Second
V.R.C. Flying Stakes, w.f.a., 7 f.	8 11	100	Second
St. Georges Stakes, w.f.a., 1 m.	8 12	35	Second
V.R.C. All-aged Stakes, 1 m.	8 12	200	Second
Futurity Stakes, w.f.a., 7 f.	9 13	100	Third

AT SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Race.	Weight. st. lbs	Stake.	Position.
V.R.C. October Stakes, w.f.a.,			
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.	9 6	£180	First
Eclipse Stakes, w.f.a., 11 f. ..	8 13	250	First
Melbourne Stakes, w.f.a.,			
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.	8 12	518	First
A.J.C. Spring Stakes, w.f.a.,			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.	9 1	100	Second
Randwick Plate, w.f.a., 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ m.	9 3	100	Second
Craven Plate, w.f.a., 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ m. ..	8 13	50	Third
Melbourne Cup, 2 m.	10 0	1000	Second
Caulfield Stakes, w.f.a., 9 f. ..	8 13	—	Unplaced

Wakeful started in 44 races, won 25, was second in 12, third in 4, and unplaced in 3. Values of stakes won, £16,690.

The peculiarity of this family is their production of great winners, but, like Cocoanut, the sons are terrible failures as sires. Nothing of the No. 9 family seems to be capable of siring anything any good, whilst, on the contrary, the females of this family are among the best winner producers we have. I cannot do better than quote Allison on this family No. 9. His words are: "A very bad sire strain for getting runners. In no family have so many good horses died out without leaving any mark. Nothing would induce me to breed from a daughter of Peter, Bendigo, or Kilwarlin." This is borne out by the failure of Navigator, Trident, Coil, Mentor, Cocos, F.J.A. and Commotion in Australia.

NO. 10 FAMILY.

This family is peculiar from the fact that all the good ones belonging to it spring from one mare—Queen

Mary—and I regard her, and anything in a direct line from her, as the most valuable in the Stud Book. Rose-dale comes direct from Queen Mary, and from her are descended Poseidon, the best of his year. He won both the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbys and Legers, and the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. He ran 14 times as a three-year-old, winning 11, and being placed second in three others. The following year he again won the Caulfield Cup, the Melbourne and Spring Stakes, and the A.J.C. Cumberland Stakes and Plate. All these races, with the exception of the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, were weight-for-age. He was easily the best of his year, and one of the best horses we have seen in Australia. The family also includes Bobri-koff, one of the best up to a mile and a half.

NO. 12 FAMILY.

Maid of the Mill—from her descended Maid of All Work, who won the Maribyrnong Plate, Ascotvale Stakes, and V.R.C. Oaks. First King was the best of the family, winning the Ascotvale Stakes, V.R.C. Leger, Champion Stakes (twice), and the Australian Cup, and was probably one of the greatest stayers known in the history of the Australian turf. His sister, Petrea, won the Ascotvale Stakes, V.R.C. Oaks, A.J.C. Leger, and the Sydney Cup. Royal Maid won the Ascotvale Stakes and V.R.C. Oaks. Tarcoola won the Melbourne Cup. First King's blood lives in the pedigree of some of the best horses in Australia.

NO. 13 FAMILY.

Juliet.—From what I have said in other parts of

this book, Juliet and her descendants are simply labelled as the best in the Stud Book. Wildfire, another branch of this family, was a great mare, and from her descended Australian Colours, Australian Star, Gipsy Grand, and Tartan.

Gipsy Grand won the Dunedin Champagne Stakes and the Dunedin Cup. Tartan won the Sydney Cup, putting up a record of 3.27 for the two miles. Going on he won all the weight-for-age races, including the Champion race and Australian Cup, and was one of the best horses we have seen. Australian Star won all the weight-for-age races, and then went to England, won the London Cup, and City and Suburban Handicap, both £2,000 races, and the London Coronation Cup, of £1,000.

NO. 14 FAMILY.

Mermaid.—She was the dam of the great Lurline, one of the best mares in Australia. Her son, Darebin, won the Sydney Cup, all the weight-for-age races, went to America, and was a successful sire there. First Lady, dam of Grand Flaneur, was another notable member of the family, and traces back on the dam side in a direct line to Banter, dam of Touchstone.

There is not much now until we get on to No. 18 family, but, in passing, it may be noted, with regard to family No. 15, Legend stands out as the dam of Le Grand—a great horse—who won the A.J.C. Derby and Leger, and V.R.C. Champion Stakes. He died early—before he could be tested as a sire. Playaway, I think, was the best in No. 16 family, and the greatness of the No. 17 family rests with that great horse, Yat-

tendon, who stood right in the front rank of Colonial stallions.

NO. 18 FAMILY.

Manto.—She has over 800 descendants in the Australian Stud Book, and when I say that Frailty is descended from her I have said enough to place her in the front rank. She was the Pocahontas of Australia. Trenton, her son, was the leading sire in the Southern Hemisphere, his stock having won over £100,000 in stakes in Australia, and if anything further is wanted, I have only to mention that he sired Wakeful, went to England, and sired a great weight-for-age horse—Torpoint—one of the best of the year, and his mares are among the most valued in the studs of England to-day. Cuirassier was another great sire, but he hadn't Trenton's opportunities, as he never left New Zealand. Havoc, another son, won the Australian Cup, and was successful at the stud. I call to mind his son Hymen. I would class this mare as not only the best of the No. 18 family, but as equal to rank with any other in the Stud Book, and when tracing the pedigree of a desirable representative, if she runs back to Frailty, I would have no hesitation in saying she is one of the most desirable to acquire.

Pulchra's fame is owing chiefly to her being the daughter of her dam, Formosa, who won the 1000 guineas, the 2,000 guineas, the Oaks, and Leger (English), and from her are descended Cruciform, as she won nearly every race she started for in New Zealand, came to Australia, and won some of the best weight-for-age races. Multifform was the greatest,

however, and Wanklyn described him, and rightly so, as standing in the front rank of Colonial-bred horses. He was sold for, I think, 5,000 guineas, and went to England. He returned to New Zealand, and became a great sire there, after which he was sold again for 3,700 guineas, and is now in New South Wales. I think his son, Noctuiiform, was one of the best we have ever seen. He also sired Golden Slipper, who was sold for 3,500 guineas.

The families go on to No. 39, but I have endeavoured to place before my readers the *gems* of the Stud Book, and when you come to consider the expense, trouble, and anxiety connected with thoroughbred horses, I don't think any but the *gems* are worth considering, as a bad horse, or rather, I should say, an inferior horse, costs as much to keep as a good one. And by keeping to those successful families, I have noted, one will meet with less disappointment, than if he waded into the larger numbers, which signify the less successful families.

In searching for the reason of some families being more successful than others, the question seems to me to be very easy of solution. If you will run Carbine's pedigree on the dam side back for a few generations you come to Martha Lynn, one of the gems of the English Stud Book. Likewise, Grand Flaneur traces back in a direct line on the dam side to Banter, the dam of the great Touchstone. I attribute Chester's greatness to the union of the Stockwell blood, and with that of the Australian Sir Hercules.

In speaking of the White and Blue family, this, if traced on the female side, will be found to be

descended from a full sister to Blue Gown, winner of the English Derby. Prince Foote and Stepniak go back to Seclusion, the dam of Hermit (English Derby). Multiform gets his goodness from Formosa. So that I think I have said enough to show that the great horses in Australia come nearly always in a direct line from the great winners of the classic races in England.

To prove my contention about reasonable priced ones in preference to those that are boomed, I would point out that Oceana, the dam of Newhaven, was purchased by Mr. Crozier for 100 guineas; Umilta, the dam of Resolute, was purchased for 73 guineas, and for Melodious, Mr. Crozier gave Mr. Weekes £60; and Childe Harolde, who was valued at 50 guineas. It will thus be seen that those three mares—the dams of such performers as Wallace, Newhaven, and Resolute, were secured for less than 300 guineas—or a hundred guineas apiece.

To further show the luck of the game with regard to buying, I might add that Donald Wallace went to the sale room to buy Tradition, who had run second for the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, but finding that his favorite jockey, Mick O'Brien, wanted him, he bought Carbine instead. Tradition never won anything, whereas Carbine, as everyone knows, veritably scooped the pool.

Again, in England, when Baron Hirsch's stud was sold, through a misapprehension Lord Marcus Beresford bought La Fleche for 12,500 guineas, and Wedlock for 4,500 guineas, for Sir Tatton Sykes. On learning of the purchase, Sir Tatton Sykes would have nothing to do with them, but influence being brought to bear on

him from high quarters, he at last consented to take them, and thus became possessed of two mares, whose yearlings each year brought record prices. I call to mind, particularly, John of Gaunt, out of La Fleche, who brought 4,100 guineas.

I like the way Sir Tatton's stud is managed. He buys each year a couple of mares to replace those that die, and sells all his yearlings every year without reserve, thereby meeting with all the competition, and no one is afraid that he is being run by the owner, as sometimes happens in New South Wales.

Spearmint, Carbine's best son, was bought at one of the sales for 300 guineas, and, as before stated, he won the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris.

Sir Tatton Sykes keeps no sire of his own, so that he is perfectly unfettered in his choice of mates for his mares. In this connection he was like the late Lord Falmouth in England, and the Hon. George Lee in Australia.

A peculiarity I have noticed in sires is this. In Tasmania, St. Albans was a great success. Everything he got there was good, but when he was purchased for St. Albans stud, where he got a far superior lot of mares, he was comparatively a failure. This, I notice, too, was the case with San Francisco, own brother to St. Frusquin. He was the premier sire in New Zealand, for everything he got was good. He was purchased for 1,500 guineas by Mr. Macdonald, and brought to New South Wales, where he had a far better lot of mares than he ever had in New Zealand, but was a dire failure. I see that a New Zealand breeder, Sir George Clifford, has re-purchased him, and taken

him back to New Zealand.

The thoroughbred stallion is generally short-lived, through being fed on food too heating and binding. I would recommend all owners to see that their stallions dung is soft. As soon as you notice him beginning to make buttons, his death will shortly follow. Their food should be chiefly green stuff—and no oats or maize.

I would like to record a fact that has come to my knowledge, that Wallace served six mares while in training, and got six of the best foals he ever got, amongst them being Aurous, Debenture, Kinglike, &c.

Many a man has given up breeding, because he gets so many crippled in the wire fences, and wood is so scarce now in Australia that to make wooden fences is nearly prohibitive. I find a good substitute is to put a piece of netting, 2 feet wide, with four inch mesh, on posts 30 ft. apart, 7 ft. high, just above the ordinary wire fence. This makes a paddock perfectly safe for even a stallion, and does not cost more than £12 a mile. The horse touches this with his most sensitive part—his nose—and he is safe ever afterwards.

In turning the gelding or mare out to grass, or, in rare cases, a stallion, I would recommend that they be turned into the poorest sheep paddock, as the spell is for, in most cases, the good of their legs, and if they are starving most of the time they only *walk* about, but if they are turned into the best of pasture, they are racing and playing, thereby getting all the wrenches and knocks it is possible to get, and putting on about two hundredweight of beef, which is nearly as bad for them as having a sixteen-stone weight on their backs

day and night.

Readers will notice, whether in foals, calves or pigs, the *finest* are most often in season. This is nature screaming to reproduce itself through its *best* specimens. In going to see the yearlings, I noticed one particularly that was continually in season among some three or four hundred. She turned out to be Desert Rose, the best two-year-old we have seen in Australia. But I have continually noticed this in sheep, cattle, horses, and pigs.

With reference to the brood mares in the paddock. It is not advisable to move them to other paddocks near foaling time, as the mare selects the place where she will foal about a fortnight before foaling, and will make great efforts to get back to the place she originally chose, and in many cases they cripple themselves jumping fences to get there.

The foal, when properly born, is born with his two front feet right alongside his head—a good deal like a person diving. When the foal has the bad luck to be born any other way shove it back and get the two front feet to come with the head, or else the death for certain will ensue of the mare or foal, and sometimes the mare and foal. Occasionally you see a mare with an unusually large belly, and immediately they say, “Oh, it will be a very big foal.” But that has nothing to do with the size of the foal at all. The size of a mare’s belly is measured by the amount of water in her bag, and nothing else.

Table showing number of Mares of each
Family in Vol. IX, A. S. Book.

Family.	Mares.	Family.	Mares.	Family.	Mares.
1	207	13	101	25	2
2	217	14	70	26	100
3	346	5	67	27	38
4	128	16	10	28	9
5	235	17	59	29	54
6	39	18	100	31	20
7	74	19	54	32	8
8	159	20	28	34	1
9	78	21	24	39	49
10	49	22	8	43	2
11	119	23	16	x	616
12	94	24	36		

The following mares I have not named :—Apple Charlotte (I.) Oracular (I.) Legs (I.)

Kangaroo (I.), Page 482 is a No. 3.

Mancipi (I.), Page 319 is a No. 14.

Winkfield's Lass (I.), Page 541 is a No. 19.

CHAPTER II.

ON REARING.

In rearing thoroughbred horses I think one of the most important points is to have the foal dropped early—say in August. He then grows a great winter's coat, and, if things go well with him, he throws it in November, and he suddenly becomes just like a yearling. This gives him a great advantage over his mates that are born in November and December, who keep their summer's coat on them, and never improve till after they throw their coat the following November.

Mr. Dakin, who was one of our leading turf students, and trainer and manager to Sir Thomas Elder, told me he would like to test a horse reared solely on grain—a horse that had never been allowed to see green grass—because they were always thinking of the days when they revelled in the green

grass, and that sometimes made them refuse their food in training.

Mr. Joseph Cook told me he reared Etna—one of the best of her year—in an allotment, on the bedding they threw out of the stable. I think Etna was the dam of Stromboli, who won the Sydney Cup. She came from the Gardener mare.

To show the effect of climate on a horse, I may state that hardly, without exception, every horse that goes to West Australia comes back improved out of all knowledge, as witness Paul Pry, Blue Spec, Le Var, and many others, whereas every horse that goes to Queensland never comes back worth anything.

When a foal is dropped, someone should be there to lift it up—as it sometimes requires assistance,—and assist it to take its first drink, although I think horses, as a rule, can assist themselves. But with all the new diseases that are about now, including that dreadful scourge, “navel-ill,” a foal’s navel wants washing with some good antiseptic as soon as dropped.

In feeding young horses three feeds a day are sufficient. Several trainers have told me that they made bad doers of their horses by trying to get them to eat four meals a day.

As soon as one of my foals is dropped the stud groom always makes it a practice to put his left hand under his neck, and the right hand between his hind quarters, and holds him to him until he ceases struggling. Then he pats him to quieten him, and the foal never forgets it. In the future, when anything happens to him—if, for instance, he should get a grass seed in his eye, or injure one of his feet—he is easily

caught and the matter rectified; but if you had not taken the precaution to quieten him you would have to nearly kill him to catch him.

A good way to tell whether a mare is in foal is to closely look at her clytus, or, as Byron describes it, the "spot that is never dry." If she is not in foal she will always have a drop of liquid there. If she is in foal it will, generally speaking, be found to be dry.

Whenever I had my yearlings in a yard I fastened a broad piece of webbing about four feet from the ground across the gateway and made them run under it. That, and the habit, when they are being broken in, of opening the gates and riding them through them, I attribute the fact that my horses never give the starter any trouble at the barrier.

When any of my yearlings have strangles, I find that a blister applied to their throat and between their jaws enables them to combat the disease without losing their condition.

Foals often start scouring, especially in a good season, and I find that the cure for that is to syringe them well with cold water, when it immediately stops, and they don't lose condition.

One naturally hesitates to spend so much money on foals whose engagements are so far ahead, but I would earnestly advise those having a promising foal to give his mother three feeds of oats a day, and he will soon learn to eat a few oats from his mother's trough. You must remember that your foal will have to meet in the future competitors who have had all those advantages, and unless you give your foal the same he

will have no chance when he meets those that have had them. Of course, he might luckily win a big Handicap, say, at five years with 6 st. 7 lb. up, but this book is not written for such. This book is written for men who want to win the Derby, and have their names inscribed on the imperishable scroll of fame.

I have noticed how few geldings win the Melbourne Cup—I think only three have won it in 60 years—and I could not help being struck with the remark of an old racing man, who said to me once, when discussing the matter, “After they go a mile and a half they begin to feel the want of their stones.”

A great curse to the modern trainer is the habit some horses acquire of self-abuse, and I always ascribe this to the use of cooked food when they were young. I remember one successful old trainer, who had a grey mare that was always in season, and he invariably gave his horse a jump on the old grey mare, once a week, with good results.

One winner of the Melbourne Derby and Cup is supposed to have got all the butchers’ and bakers’ cart mares around Randwick in foal. He never wore a shield during the whole of his training career.

Foals are often born with crooked legs. In fact, when you get among the highest bred ones, it is wonderful to find the defects they are born with. It may be that we examine them more critically than the commoner sorts. But who ever saw a pony with crooked legs?

One of the greatest defects that I can see in the thoroughbred yearling is the toes being turned out, or what the old Englishman used to call “lady toe.” It is

nearly as bad, though I have seen some very fast horses with their toes turned in. The latter are called pigeon toed. If a horse, when he gets to be a yearling, still shows no sign of mending his shape, I found that by putting a half shoe on the inside of those whose feet are turned out has a tendency to turn them in. The outside should be rasped down well—and to put a half shoe on the outside of the pigeon-toed ones will make them straight. But, of course, this must be done when they are young, as it is easier to teach a child the A.B.C. than it is a grown man.

CHAPTER III.

RACING.

The statistics of racing, as now kept by the sporting writers, are misleading. They give no clue to the best horses or the best sires, as they include all the races. Now, I contend that they should only include the weight-for-age races. Just fancy Lord Cardigan, with nearly 10 st., running second to Acrasia, with about 7 st., for the Melbourne Cup! To whom do the honors belong? In the previous Melbourne Cup, Wakeful, with 10 st. up, ran second to Lord Cardigan, with about 6 st. 7. Bravo, with a light weight, beat Carbine, carrying 10 st. Calculating as they do, an inferior sire might have more horses running for him than any other sire in Australia, and get credit for winning a large amount of money and even heading the winning list.

When Grand Flaneur won the Derby, there was then the usual trouble of backing him for the Melbourne Cup. The owner hadn't a shilling about him,

and the question was, what was to be done? The Derby was run on the Saturday, and the Cup, as usual, was run on the Tuesday. The owner of a great stud at Geelong, who was "in the know," invited every punter to a picnic for the purpose of inspecting his stud on the Monday. He provided a special train, and whilst they were away at the picnic the commissioner for Grand Flaneur had the books all to himself. He, of course, made the most of the opportunity, and succeeded in securing all the money, and when the punters got the evening paper at Geelong, just as they were about to return to Melbourne, Grand Flaneur was 3 to 1 for the Melbourne Cup. I intend to bracket Grand Flaneur with Carbine, because, in the Derby and nearly all his other races, he was never beaten. Progress was second to him, and never could extend him, and when Grand Flaneur broke down, Progress was then the horse of the year, and won the Sydney Cup.

Once I attended a country meeting, at which, in one race, the competitors were two bays and a grey. It was a close race, and as they passed the winning post we all ran to the judge's box and asked, "What won?" The judge, who had been "looking on the wine when it was red," said, "The skewbald won by a head."

What makes racing so uncertain is that it is so hard to get a horse to run up to his private track form, and the only way to get a trial that is any good at all is to start him in a race. Say it is a two-mile race; and you want to try your horse six furlongs; start him in the race, and take him from the start and see what he can run it in, and you thereby get a proper trial under all the conditions of the race.

In England the knowing ones start their candidates for the Cambridgeshire in the Cesarewitch, and then time them to the bushes. The first horse to the bushes is supposed to win the Cambridgeshire. The latter and the Cesarewitch are the two great handicaps of England.

A superficial observer can test a horse's fitness by looking at what is called a horse's "duff"—which is really his anus. If a horse is really well it stands out—"You could nearly hang your hat on it," as an old trainer remarked to me the other day.

But if it is sunken in—that is not his day, for he will run much below his form. Another test—but it would not do for everyone to be applying it—is to put your hand on it. If it is much hotter than your hand the horse is feverish; if it is much colder than your hand he is dropsical; but if it is about the same heat as your hand he is in good form and will run up to expectations.

Talking of tricks that are dark reminds me of the early racing days, when the Forced Handicap was the last race, and was invariably run in the dark, because of the desire of the booth holders to get the last bob out of the public. The peculiar part of it was that the Forced Handicap always used to be won by the same horse, and this finally set the officials thinking, and it was discovered that this horse's owner and rider used to take the opportunity of weighing out early, going round and waiting half way, when he used to come with a wet sail. But that came to an end with railed in courses and better management.

The next swindle perpetrated on the unoffending public was the "tunnel," which was put in under the weighing scale. A man would wait in this tunnel, and when the winner came with about three stone less than his right weight, he would pull the balance from underneath, and the boy would be declared weight.

It would be stale to worry my readers with the "Running Rein" fraud, when a four-year-old won the English Derby, but it is darkly whispered he was not the first four-year-old to win the same race—but even so, it would take a good one to do it, giving him the year in.

I would advise my readers always to back something that had won a few days or a week previously, even though it is not a race of great consequence, as a win proves that a horse is in form, and a horse in form can do anything. You will always find a lot of "know-alls" who will belittle what he has done by saying it was a race of no class, but that does not matter. He won, and in all probability, as I have seen in hundreds of cases, he will win again, even though his competitors have broken watches in their private gallops.

In a conversation with the steeplechase rider, Tommy Corrigan, he related a smewhat startling experience of his own. He got a fall in a steeplechase and was knocked insensible, and just as he was regaining consciousness and opening his eyes, he found a rough hacking at his finger with a knife trying to get his ring off.

Racecourse habitues dearly love mementos. I remember going down with a friend to see a horse called Cobham, who was killed in the Melbourne Cup, and

when we got there—certainly within twenty minutes of the race—there was very little of the horse left. His four hoofs and tail were gone.

CHAPTER IV.

BETTING.

I must apologise for introducing betting into this volume, but betting is interwoven so much with racing that it is hard to write of horse racing without bringing the betting ring in. This will be so until all book-making is forbidden and the Totalizator has sole charge.

With regard to “doubles,” a very favourite mode of investment, for the uninitiated, I would particularly ask my readers to avoid them, as I once heard a very clever member of the ring say, the art of laying doubles was to have a dead-un at one end of it, and I think that they generally succeeded.

Once I was very ill in bed at the Hotel Australia, and a leader of the ring came to see me, and implored me to tell him how I managed to spot the winner of the Derby always. As I had no magic, I was unable to satisfy him. But, for the benefit of my readers, I would say that the winner of the Derby is generally easy to pick, as he is what we call a solid horse—that is, he comes from a good family on both sides. I will show this further by showing that the mothers of the winners of the Derby are generally sisters to one of the great horses.

A leader of the ring went to Coonamble to "take the waters," or in other words to get what benefit he could from the artesian baths, and whilst there, the races coming on, he thought he would turn an "honest penny." Meeting one of his Metropolitan clients, and noticing that he had a horse in a hurdle race, he said to him, "I will lay you a wager (naming a large sum) against your horse." The client replied, "Wait till I see my trainer," and then went away. He returned in a few minutes and closed the wager. It is quite evident he had seen more than his trainer. The two—bookmaker and client—stood together whilst the race was being run. Turning suddenly to his companion, the penciller said, "I am sorry your horse has fallen down," but the reply came, "No matter—it doesn't matter, the others will wait for him." That bookmaker gives Coonamble a very wide berth now.

To men in the habit of investing on races, I would point out that it is always well to investigate first the chances of the top weights, because they are top weight for a reason which is not far to seek. When you come to boil it down, it means that they are in the habit of running their races at a pace that makes the chance of the others nil—or nearly so. Again, to further illustrate the matter. A great actor does not appear in his great acts without going through first of all some dress rehearsals, and these dress rehearsals are to the actor what the races they have won before are to the horses. Of course, it is a great temptation to pick out some well-bred animal carrying, say, 6 st. 7, but when you come to reflect, you must know that he has been given 6 st. 7 because of his previous failures, and what

militated against him winning before will in all probability militate against him winning again. This calls to my mind the fact that a "diamond is sometimes to be found amongst the inferior stones." One of these kind of horses was the great Don Juan. He was, I think, a five-year-old in training at James Wilson's St. Albans establishment, and, thinking him no good, they put him in Mr. Yuille's hands for sale for £200, and then forgot all about it. After a bit he began to develop form. Just about that time the owners, Messrs. Joe Thompson, the leviathan of the ring, and Wilson, the well-known trainer, received notice from Mr. Yuille that the horse had been sold to Mr. J. O. Inglis for £200. The difficulty then was to get him back without divulging too much. Eventually they succeeded in getting him back for the sum of £2,000, and he won the Melbourne Cup, as well as a huge fortune for his owners. But he was a "diamond" out of many hundreds that failed.

The legislation recently introduced to stop jockeys betting cannot fail to do good to the turf. I remember watching the horses getting ready for the Newmarket Handicap with the late Mr. Kelso, when a commissioner came round and said, "Two thousand to nothing your's, Bill," and the latter replied, "Alright." Then I said, "Put that down, it might lead to mistakes." He said, "Though my horse is as fast as anything in Australia, every boy in the race has backed Bungebah, and you will see him come up on the rails." Shortly afterwards the flag fell, with the result that Bungebah did come up on the rails as he prophesied and cantered in.

It is still necessary, I think, to again warn inves-

tors as to the seductive double. I would suggest that they calculate the matter this way. Suppose the horse they select for the first race is 10 to 1, and the horse selected for the second race is also 10 to 1, a fair price for the double would be 100 to 1 nearly. If they invested their pound on the first race, and then put their winnings on the second race, which would really be the double, I think they would find they would win more money. Though, I must confess, I have a weakness for doubles myself, having won half a dozen big doubles in my time, but the fact remains, as I state, that they would do better by backing the first horse for their stake and putting their winnings on the horse they select for the next race, as they thereby get nearer the race, and have a less chance of their selection going wrong. They make a certainty of a start, for having seen more of the form they make a wiser selection for the second race. Notwithstanding this, however, I never saw a man so cut up as my friend Donovan. He selected the double Melodrama and Mooltan, quarrelled with the layer of the odds about the price, and ended by not taking it. The double, however, came off, with the result that it nearly broke his heart. Moral: If you have a strong fancy for a double, back it—don't mind the price.

When you have a good bet, or get a leg in in a double, be very careful in laying your money to lay it back, if possible, to the man who laid it to you in the first instance—or a portion of it. If you cannot lay it back to the man who laid to you, in laying it off to others, be careful to mention the name of the book-maker who laid the double to you and make them enter

it, say, in the name of John Jones, otherwise you may find yourself in a sad hole. The first bookmaker may not be able to pay you, but you will have to pay the other, and if you have neglected to have had it entered in the name of John Jones, you must see the disastrous trouble which must ensue.

There are some bookmakers who lay themselves out to lay nothing but "dead-uns," and they are stigmatised by their brother "bookies" as "dynamiters."

To show something of the sport and the entrances of the early days, I give the following account of the Wagga ten-mile race:—

This was a most interesting sporting event, and was run at Wagga in 1868. The distance was ten miles, for horses carrying welter weights, and the prize was £300. It was won by Australian by Snowden, who carried 11 st. 7. Grosvenor's Comet ran second, and Bowen's Riverina, who was also by Snowden, third. There were twelve starters, and the time was 23 min. 35 secs.

Another old-time race was a match for £100 between Coulson's Colonel and Tarrant's Barmaid, from Dubbo to Orange, 100 miles by road. Colonel won.

It seems to be the ambition of the leading bookmakers to become stud masters, and from the papers that have arrived to-night I see that one of the leaders of the ring, who is always desirous of being in the limelight, is offering £7,000 for a horse in England, priced at £10,000. I am inclined to think that if he got a cable accepting his offer he would drop dead.

I heard an old turf goer once grumbling, as is their

wont, because there are no matches made now, and he went on to say he could always win when there were matches. I naturally inquired how, and he replied, "Because I back both and pay neither."

Thinking of Javelin's Derby reminds me at the time that just before they started we were told the story of the man who suddenly met a bear. There was no escape, as he was walled in on each side. He said a short prayer, "Lord, don't help the bear," and then sailed in and won. Shortly after hearing that story, I met Hamlet's trainer, and when I asked him his chance he said, "I only hope the Lord won't help Javelin." Javelin won.

One of the leaders of the ring—I think he is leader still—owes his start to affluence to a pumpkin. It was this way: The Bathurst meeting was a big meeting in those days, and at one of the gatherings someone produced a giant pumpkin, and the books, headed by Joe Thompson, who was always ready to bet about anything, offered large wagers that no one could carry it a mile and a half to Matthew's Hotel at Kelso. This budding financier took all the wagers, including the double—the pumpkin and Goulburn for the steeplechase. At the appointed time he mounted the pumpkin on his head and walked safely the required distance. Some of his unkind detractors say that he walked it previously on a moonlight night. Well, of course, he would not do that, as he has never shown in the whole course of his career a liking for a dead bird.

I think that an innovation could be made in Australia of making the jockeys keep more to the places they draw in the race. As things are at present, every

urchin is under the idea that he has to get on to the rails by hook or by crook—crossing or otherwise. I see Wootten—the Australian—who is now the leading jockey in England, was made to stand down for two months for this reprehensible practice, and thereby lost his chance of riding the winner of the Derby.

The way of the straight runners is sometimes made easy by the cronk ones backing the straight runners' horses, and "stiffening" (I think they call it) their own, and waiting for another day. Whether the other day ever comes, or not, I do not know, but this I do know, that those crooked runners invariably end without uppers to their boots. A horse pulled invariably deceives the owner more than anyone else. Here's an instance, which one of the leading Randwick trainers told me of the other day. He is a man who never caused a horse to be pulled. He said once, when training, for a very young man—who was surrounded by bad advisers, and who had won four races with a horse called King something: he was weighted at 9 st. 12, which, in his opinion, was prohibitive, as they did not, under such conditions, regard him as having any chance at all—and who, with his advisers, kept pestering the trainer to tell the boy to "pull him." At last the trainer said, "Alright, I'll tell him." But he never said a word to the boy. What was his horror, when the race was being run, to see the horse turn into the straight lengths ahead, with his mouth open and the boy sitting back. He thought, "Now I've made a mess of it"; but a couple of hundred yards further on the horse failed, and finished nearly last. Now that

trainer says if he had told the boy to pull him he would have been under the impression that he could have won and that the boy stopped him.

It is amusing to read in the days gone by how trainers and managers of racing studs were so anxious to hide the results of the trials from the watchers and the boys, for fear they would let the results leak out. One instance was most amusing. Capt. Machell, the greatest turf tactician we ever had, had a saddle that weighed about two stone. He always saddled the horse for the trials himself, but he began to lose faith in his system when he heard one of the boys say to another, as he was mounting, "I haven't got much of a chance to-day as I'm going to ride old Mary Ann." Mary Ann, I need hardly tell my readers, was the name of the heavy saddle.

To show what a good thing the Betting Ring has on, I mentioned one day to a racing man that a leader of the Ring had that day invested £20,000 in city property. He said, "I don't wonder at that; I have often seen a crowd of 50,000 leaving Randwick, losing, and I average them at a tenner apiece."

Some people think when they back a horse and it does not win that he has been pulled, and then they let dark suspicion enter their minds about the wicked bookmaker. But this does not occur nearly as often as they think, because, if a bookmaker bribed a jockey not to win he has to pay him, generally before the race—and then he would have no guarantee that he didn't try—and he would also have to pay the winner; whereas, if he had left things alone he would only have had to pay one—the winner.

CONCLUSION.

My readers, having waded through my book—and, I hope, with some pleasure and profit—will naturally look for some definite conclusion. I can only tell them to follow Bruce Lowe's advice, and secure a mare of the No. 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 families. There are good branches of these families, and, I was going to say, bad ones, but these families are like whisky. There is no bad whisky—there is good and better. In selecting a good branch of the family, select a mare as near as possible to an English Derby or Oaks, or Two Thousand Guinea winner. And when I say as near as possible, I want to be very emphatic on that point, because if you get a mare, say, one generation only removed from a winner of those great classic events, she will be doubly as good as one two generations from it, whereas two generations from it is doubly as good as four generations from it. Then mate her with a horse of the best No. 3 family you can get. Or, if you cannot get one of the No. 3 family, get a horse of a good number with as much 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14 blood in him as you can. Look at St. Simon. He is No. 11, but if you look at his tabulated pedigree you will see that his sire Galopin was a No. 3, and his dam's sire, King Tom, was also a No. 3, so that St. Simon, or any horse bred like him, even though he was a No. 1 or No. 2, being full of No. 3 blood, makes him a desirable sire.

Change the mating of a mare often, and rear gener-

ously. Another family I would add to this is No. 10—with this reservation—that it must come direct from Queen Mary, for the following reasons: that Queen Mary carries the whole of the No. 10 family on her individual back, and in Australia the Sappho family, and the families which sprang from the Gardener mare, or to make it more easily traceable, from Lilla. This latter family has very few representatives now on the Australian turf, but one bright particular star stands out, and that is Maltine.

A good Providence sends every now and again a great horse from outside families—so that we won't destroy the breed by too close breeding—such as Barchaldine and Ormonde, and provided their back lines are alright—that is, full of good blood—it is wise to breed from them. But if their back lines are not alright, no matter how good they are they are not likely to be good sires. I would name Bendigo, Foxall, and Iroquis in this list.

The mention of Ormonde reminds me of a cure for roaring, and I cannot better describe it than by giving Mr. Allison *in extenso* on the question. Mr. Allison went to Epsom to investigate a new way of treating roaring that had been discovered by an English veterinary surgeon, and he wrote as follows:—"As promised last week I motored down to see Mr. John Coleman, the eminent veterinary surgeon, at Epsom, for he has recently been curing rank roarers, and that is a point of almost phenomenal importance. Think, for example, what would have happened had Mr. Coleman been able to operate on Prince Charlie and Ormonde? While there I saw John, M.P., whose was exported to

America and became a rank roarer, and also three weight carriers from the Shires, all of whom had gone wrong in the wind, and the processes to which Mr. Coleman had subjected the lot of them had been completely successful. The four animals in question were cantered the best part of a mile before me yesterday, and not one made any noise. The three hunters were going back perfectly sound on the following day. Mr. Coleman does not claim for the moment to have got hold of some trick unknown to the rest of the veterinary profession. On the other hand he suggests that the so-called trick is a simple one, only it requires about three skilled men to carry it out successfully. Roughly speaking, as we all know, the left half of the larynx collapses and causes roaring in horses. But the new operation is one which, by cutting about—I will not say how—brings the left half of the larynx to its normal place. I have no desire to discuss these highly technical details, but it would be foolish in the extreme not to refer incidentally to this new cure for roaring. It is no simple matter. So much we already know; and Mr. Coleman has set apart an entire establishment for the treatment of roarers. They are clear of all possible contagion, which, of course, is of vital importance when animals are to be subjected to a most serious operation in their throats. Up to now all has gone well, and I saw quite a number which had been operated on only a fortnight ago, and in these cases the wound had not yet closed, but in the case of John, M.P., whose legs are now his only trouble, it would need the most skilled professor to discover that his throat has ever been opened up.”

APPENDIX.

Summary of the records of the Bruce Lowe Families (in all flat races) for 1900 and 1908 inclusive, is as follows:—

Bruce Lowe			No. of Races		Value.	
No.			won.			
1.	Family 2	..	1910	(20 d.h.)	..	£485,774
2.	„ 1	..	1485	(17 d.h.)	..	449,214
3.	„ 4	..	1402	(11 d.h.)	..	424,926
4.	„ 3	..	1270	(12 d.h.)	..	338,470
5.	„ 8	..	1069	(10 d.h.)	..	295,879
6.	„ 5	..	937	(7 d.h.)	..	265,237
7.	„ 16	..	671	(6 d.h.)	..	256,858
8.	„ 14	..	576	(4 d.h.)	..	219,397
9.	„ 9	..	675	(6 d.h.)	..	208,557
10.	„ 12	..	754	(9 d.h.)	..	184,910
11.	„ 7	..	590	(2 d.h.)	..	182,714
12.	„ 19	..	520	(4 d.h.)	..	148,780
13.	„ 11	..	504	(8 d.h.)	..	147,911
14.	„ 10	..	548	(3 d.h.)	..	141,364
15.	„ 13	..	570	(6 d.h.)	..	131,053

“It is clear,” says Allison, “that the figure guide holds good in face of almost any test, though No. 1 Family, being less numerous than No. 2, could not be expected to beat the latter over the whole area of racing, its *metier* being quality rather than quantity.

SELECTING AN UNTRIED STALLION.

In selecting an untried stallion to mate your mares with, reject without any hesitation any horse that has not won good weight-for-age races. A mere handicapper has never yet been a successful sire, though several novices have tried to boom them into the front

ranks, and if the one you fancy has stood training until he is five or six years old, all the better, "as like begets like," and a solid horse that will stand training until he is five or six years old is what we all want. It is to be regretted, for the sake of our cavalry in the future, that they are so scarce.

The following prices were brought by yearlings, the property of Sir Tatton Sykes, on September 9:—

Ch c by Desmond—Killacoon, Lord Michelham, 540 guineas.

Ch c by Cyllene—Mountain Daisy, Sir R. W. B. Jardine, 2,500 guineas.

B or br c by John O'Gaunt—Hackler's Pride, Mr. N. de Szemere, 860 guineas.

Ch c Persimmon—Curlew, Mr. S. Darling, 3,000 guineas.

B c by Flying Fox—Maisie, Mr. W. M. Cazalet, 960 guineas.

Ch c by Veres—Lady Town, Mr. J. H. H. Peard, 150 guineas.

Ch f by St. Frusquin—Elizabeth M., Mr. Abe Bailey, 1,800 guineas.

Br f by St. Frusquin—Game Chick, Lord Michelham, 4,000 guineas.

B f by John O'Gaunt—Amphlett, Mr. N. de Szemere, 500 guineas.

B f by Isinglass—Oriet, Mr. F. Bibby, 500 guineas.

THE BARB'S PERFORMANCES.

The Barb won the Melbourne Cup in 1866, carrying 6st. 9. He then won the Champion race and all the weight-for-age races, though they were not many

at that time. In 1868 he won the Sydney Cup with 8st 12, and then won the Metropolitan with 9st. 10. The next Sydney Cup he won, carrying 10st. 8. In the Metropolitan he won the two miles in 3.37 $\frac{1}{4}$. Some might find fault with the time when compared with Tartan's 2.27 in the Sydney Cup, but Randwick was a bed of sand in those days, not the good going it is to-day.

YEARLING SALES IN SYDNEY.

Year.		Sold.		Amount.
1880	..	65	..	£5,116
1890	..	105	..	14,700
1900	..	151	..	11,251
1910	..	385	..	74,877



MISS AGNES.

Bred 1850, by Birdcatcher out of Agnes (dam of Lady Agnes), by Clarion out of Annette (dam of Ambrose and Glenmasson, by Priam).

Bred.	Name.	Ran.	Won.	Important Races.
<i>Sons.</i>				
1858	GOLDSEEKER	17	4	Hurstbourne Stakes. Stockbridge Cup. Hopeful Stakes.
1859	KING OF KARS	17	3	
1864	BISMARCK	46	13	
1869	LANDMARK	16	2	
1871	COURONNE DE FER	10	4	
<i>Daughters.</i>				
1856	I. LITTLE AGNES	22	4	Prix de Diane. Still running. Still running. Stewards' Cup.
<i>Her Produce.</i>				
1861	a Prince Arthur	13	6	
1862	b Wild Agnes	37	14	
1869	Little Agnes	13	6	
1871	Fair Agnes	4	—	
1873	Wild Tommy	19	1	
1863	c Fair Agnes (broken hip)	—	—	
1868	Bishophthorpe	68	16	
1870	Wild Aggie	21	9	
1871	Agglethorpe	67	12	
1872	Piercy	13	1	
1874	Constantine	41	5	
1877	Gildersbeck	41	8	
1878	Melmerby	23	2	
1879	Daffodil	5	1	
1864	d Tibthorpe	44	11	
1868	e Merry Agnes	31	9	
1869	f Little Heroine	25	2	
1870	g Couleur de Rose	17	3	
1871	h Thirsk	16	4	
1875	i Bonnie Agnes	7	2	
1878	k Banbury Bun	9	1	
1857	II. BROWN AGNES	5	—	
<i>Her Produce.</i>				
1862	a Brown Bread	25	9	Northumberland Plate. Caledonian St. Leger. Nemzeti
1868	b Andorka	35	6	
1877	Armigard	18	7	
1869	c Labancz	5	1	
1863	III. DARK AGNES (dead)	29	4	
1865	IV. POLLY AGNES	—	—	Northumberland Plate. York Cup. Doncaster Cup. Ebor Handicap.
<i>Her Produce.</i>				
1871	a Lily Agnes	32	21	
1875	b Tiger Lily	14	2	
1876	c Jessie Agnes	13	6	
1867	V. FRIVOLITY	15	4	
<i>Her Produce.</i>				
1874	a Grand Templar	13	1	
1877	b Miss Edwards	23	10	
1870	VI. WINDERMERE	3	1	
<i>Her Produce.</i>				
1875	a Esther	2	1	
1876	b Bowness..	17	5	
1877	c Muncaster	3	1	
1878	d Westmoreland	4	1	

Neil Gow.

Marco.

Barcaldine

Solon

West Australian

Melbourne
Mowerina

Dowling

Birdcatcher
Hetman Platoff m.

Ballyroe

Belladrum

Stockwell
Catherine Hayes

Bon Accord

Adventurer
Darling's dam

Novtate

Hermit

Newminster

Touchstone
Beeswing

Seclusion

Tadmor
Miss Sellon

Retty

Lambton

The Cure
Elpline

Fer

Fernhill
Beiram

Chelandry

Goldfinch

Ormonde

Bend Or

Doncaster
Rouge Rose

Lily Agnes

Marconi
Polly Agnes

Thistle

Scottish Chief

Lord of the Isles
Miss AnnThe Fower
SafetyWild Dayrell
Nettle

Illuminata

Rosicrucian

Beadsman

Weatherbit
Mendicani

Madame Eglentiene

Cowl
Diversion

Parafin

Blair Athol

Stockwell
Blink Bonny

Paradogm

Paragone
Ellen Horne

Barcaldine Bay. 1878.—23.

Barcaldine Bay. 1878.—23.			
BALLYROE (Ch.—1872) 23 Family.		SOLOH (B.—1861). 23 Family.	
BON ACCORL (B.—1867) 23.		DARLING'S DAM (B.—1850).	
W. AUSTRALIA (B.—1850) Family 7.			
STOCKWELL (Ch.—1849) Family 3.	CATHERINE HAYES (B.—1850) Family 22.	DAUGHTER OF B.—1845.	
ADVENTURER (B.—1859) Family 12.	DARLING'S DAM (B.—1850)	BIRDCATCHER (Ch.—1833) Family 11.	
		MELBOURNE (Br.—1834) Family 1.	Humphrey Clinker by Comus (Sorcerer)—Clinkerina by Clinker (Sir Peter)—Pewet by Tandem (Syphon)—Termagant by Tantrum, etc.—dam of Cervantes (1) by Don Quixote (Eclipse)—dam of Golumpus (11)—(Gohanna)—dam of Paynator—sister to Zodiac by St. George, etc.
		MIOWERINA (B.—1843).	Touchstone (b4) by Camel (Whalebone)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette by Amaranthus, etc.—Emma (1) by Whisker (Waxy)—Gibside Fairy by Hermes (Mercury—Rosina)—Vicissitude by Pipator (Imperator)—Beatrice, etc.
			Sir Hercules by Whalebone (Waxy)—Peri by Wanderer (Gohanna)—Thalestria by Alexander (Eclipse)—Rival by Sir Peter—Hornet, etc.—Guiccioli by Bob Booty (Chanticleer)—Flight by Irish Escape—Commodore—Y. Heroine by Bagot (Herod) Heroine by Hero, etc.
			Hetman Platoff by Brutandorf (Blacklock)—dam of Comus (Sorcerer)—Marciana by Stamford (Sir Peter)—Marcia by Coriander, etc.—Whim by Drone (Master Robert)—Kiss by Waxy Pope—Prunella by Highflyer—dam of Champion (Pot. 803)—Brown Fanny, etc.
			The Baron by Birdcatcher (Sir Hercules by Whalebone)—Echidna by Economist (Whisker)—Miss Pratt by Blacklock—Gadabout, etc.—Pocahontas by Glencoe (Sultan)—Marpessa by Muley (Orville)—Clare by Marmion (Whisky)—dam of Diomed—Harpolice by Gohanna, etc.
			Lanercost by Liverpool (Tramp)—Otis by Bustard—Gayhurst's dam by Election Gohanna)—sis. to Skyscraper by Highflyer, etc.—Constance by Partisan (Walton)—Quadrille by Selim—Canary Bird by Sorcerer—Canary by Coriander—Miss Green by Highflyer, etc.
			Newminster by Touchstone (Camel by Whalebone)—Beeswing by Dr. Syntax (Paynator)—dam of Ardrossan—Lady Eliza, etc. Palma by Emilius (Orville)—Francesca by Partisan (Walton)—Miss Fanny's dam by Orville—dam of Buzzard.—Hornpipe by Trumpeter.
			Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules (Whalebone)—Guiccioli by Bob Booty—Flight by Irish Escape—Y. Heroine by Baggot (Herod)—Heroine, etc.—Dam of Hetman Platoff by Brutandorf (Blacklock)—Whim by Drone—Kiss by Waxy Pope—dam of Champion (Pot. 803)—Huncamunca, etc.

QUEEN MARY.

Bred 1843, by Gladiator, dam by Plenipotentiary, out of Myrrlia, by Whale-bone, out of Gift, by Gohanna.

Bred.	Name.	Ran.	Won.	Important Races.
SONS.				
1856	BALROWNIE	10	3	Doncaster Stakes.
1853	BONNIE SCOTLAND	4	2	Doncaster Stakes.
1858	BONNYFIELD	Disabled, but sire of winners.
1863	BERTIE	18	7	Dee Stakes, Chesterfield Cup.
1864	BLINKHOOIE	16	6	Dee Stakes.
		31	9	Ascot Gold Vase, Alexandra Plate.
DAUGHTERS.				
1847	I. HARICOT	40	17	
	<i>Her Produce:</i>			
1857	a Cramond	21	3	
1858	b Caller Ou	98	49	34 Queen's Plates, St Leger, Twice Northumberland Plate, Brighton Cup, York Cup.
1867	Pandore	14	4	
1868	The Pearl	27	8	
1870	Poldoody	13	2	
1872	Periwinkle	11	3	
1878	Roysterer	13	2	Still running.
1864	c Fabiola	
1870	King William	33	6	
1873	Titania	2	1	
1868	d Lady Langden	6	...	
1872	Hampton	33	19	Epsom Gold Cup, Doncaster Cup, Northumberland Plate, Goodwood Cup, Goodwood Stakes.
1876	Sir Bevys	4	1	Derby.
1878	Fosyan	14	1	
1869	e Freeman	37	9	Twice Great Northern Handicap, Goodwood Stakes, Chesterfield Cup, Alexandra Plate.
1849	II. BRAXEY	50	15	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1858	a Bernice	51	8	
1862	b Kate Hampton	7	...	
1868	Lady Mortimer	11	2	
1863	c La Dauphine	24	3	
1865	d Thrift	
1878	Tristram	37	18	Epsom Gold Cup, Ascot Gold Vase, Hardwicke Stakes, — Champion Stakes, Grand Prix Deauville. Still running.
1879	Pursebearer	11	2	Still running.
1869	e Ella	28	4	
1870	f Miss Wingie	16	2	
1853	III. BLOOMING HEATHER	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1858	a Grouse	
1859	b Gorse	2	...	
1872	Goura	21	2	Hertefeldte.
1873	Good Hope	17	3	Vienna Derby, Union Berlin.
1875	Blano Hexe	12	2	
1876	Tysann	17	5	Still running.
1877	Schlenderhan	6	2	Still running.

QUEEN MARY—*Continued.*

Bred.	Name.	Ran.	Won.	Important Races.
1878	Kaiser	3	3	Hertefeldt—still running.
1862	c Maid Marian	5	1	
1869	King Tom Colt	4	1	
1863	d Robin Hood	11	2	
1867	e Mahonia	15	3	
1874	Magnolia	9	1	And 5 Steeplechases. Derby.
1869	f Laburnum	22	3	
1854	IV. BLINK BONNY	20	14	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1860	a Borealis	21	6	
1868	Hyperion	25	5	Derby, Leger. Prince of Wales Stakes Ascot, Gratwicke Stakes.
1869	Red Light	5	2	
1870	Blue Light	16	2	
1872	Flying Scotchman	9	1	
1873	Pier Light	3	1	
1861	b Blair Athol	7	5	
1862	c Breadalbane	27	8	
1857	V. BAB-AT-THE-BOWSTER	18	3	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1870	a Whympier	12	2	
1872	b Mare by Adventurer	22	6	Middle Park Plate.
1875	c Mare by Knowsley	15	1	
1876	d Lady Dixie	35	2	
1859	VI. BONNY BREAST-KNOT	10	1	
	(in France) <i>Her Produce.</i>			
1874	a Shelldrake	32	5	And over hurdles.
1860	VII. BONNY BELL	12	1	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1867	a Bonny Swell	17	3	
1869	b Tocsin	9	3	
1871	c Blantyre	9	2	
1874	d Muscatel	23	3	
1875	e Beauclerc	5	3	
1866	VIII. BERTHA	7	1	
	<i>Her Produce.</i>			
1872	a Brenda	47	21	
1873	b Bridget	27	4	

Pocahontas.

Bred by Mr. Forth in 1837; got by Glencoe (Sultan), her dam Marpessa, by Muley (Orville) out of Clare, by Marmion (Whisky), her dam Harpalice, by Gohanna (Mercury) out of Amazon by Driver (Frentham)—Fractious, by Mercury (Eclipse)—Everlasting, by Eclipse—Hyana, by Snap, &c.

Year.	—		No. of Prizes Won.	
1843	B e CAMBAULES, by Camel	..	0	(A roarer.) Beaten at Goodwood when 2 years old.
1845	B e by Muley Muloch or Canel	..	0	Never ran.
1846	B f DOLLY VARDEN, by Muley Muloch	..	0	Won a sweepstakes. Was second twice.
1848	Br f INDIANA, by Muley Muloch	..	1	Beaten in two races; ran in Ireland.
1849	Ch e STOCKWELL, by The Baron	..	0	Won the Two Thousand, St. Leger, and Whip.
1850	Ch e KATAPLAN, by The Baron	..	12	In the Manchester Cup and 25 Royal Plates.
1851	B e KING TOM, by Harkaway	..	42	Was second to Andover for the Derby, 1854.
1852	Ch e STROOD, by Chatham	..	2	Was second to Claret for Grand Duke Michael.
1854	Ch f AYACANORA, by Birdcatcher	..	0	Won the Hopeful and Column.
1855	B e KNIGHT OF KAES, by Nutwith	..	2	Won the Derby Free Handicap.
1856	B f (unnamed), by Nutwith	..	2	Never ran.
1858	B e KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK, by Knight of St. George	..	0	Won Column and Bentinck Memorial Stakes, Goodwood.
1859	B e AUTOMATON, by Ambrose	..	4	Beat Macaroni when 2 years old. Died in 1863.
1860	Br f AURICULA, by Ambrose	..	2	Won the Newmarket St. Leger.
1862	B f AURACARIA, by Ambrose	..	3	Never ran. Dam of Rayon d'Or, &c.
	Died in 1870, having had no produce since 1862.		0	

THE GREAT THREE-YEAR-OLD RACES. Double, Treble, and Quadruple Events Winners.

Two Thousand Guineas.	One Thousand Guineas.	Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.
1801. —	—	Eleanor	Music	Quiz
1813. Smolensko	Neva	Smolensko	Music	Altisidora
1817. Manfred	Corinne	Azor	Neva	Ebor
1818. Interpreter	Whizgig	Sam	Corinne	Reveller
1822. Pastue	Zinc	Moses	Pastille	Theodore
1823. Nicolo	Cobweb	Emilius	Zinc	Barefoot
1824. Selahriar	Zoe	Cedric	Cobweb	Jerry
1828. Cadland	Galata	Cadland	Turquoise	The Colonel
1832. Archibald	Preserve	St. Giles	Galata	Margrave
1835. Ibrahim	Destiny	Mundig	Queen of Trumps	Queen of Trumps
1836. Bay Middleton	Crucifix	Bay Middleton	Cyprian	Elis
1840. Crucifix	Extempore	Little Wonder	Crucifix	Lancelot
1843. Cotherstone	Mendicant	Cotherstone	Poison	Nutwith
1846. Sir Tatton Sykes	Canzeou	Pyrrhus the First	Mendicant	Sir Tatton Sykes
1848. Flatcatcher	Flea	Surplice	Cymba	Surplice
1849. Nunnykirk	F by Slane-Exotic	The Flying Dutchman	Lady Evelyn	The Flying Dutchman
1850. Pitsford	Kate	Voltegeur	Rhodycna	Voltegeur
1852. Stockwell	Mentmore Lass	Daniel O'Rourke	Songstress	Stockwell
1853. West Australian	Imperieuse	West Australian	Catherine Hayes	West Australian
1857. Vedette	Governess	Blink Bonny	Blink Bonny	Imperieuse
1858. Fitzroland	Hurricane	Beadsman	Governess	Sunbeam
1862. The Marquis	Lady Augusta	Caractus	Feu de Joie	The Marquis
1863. Macaroni	Tomato	Macaroni	Queen Bertha	Lord Clifden
1864. General Peel	Siberia	Blair Athol	Fille de L'Air	Blair Athol
1865. Gladiateur	Repulse	Gladiateur	Regalia	Gladiateur
1866. Lord Lyon	Achievement	Lord Lyon	Tormontor	Lord Lyon
1867. Vauban	Formosa	Hermit	Hippia	Achievement
1868. Moslem and Formosa	Scottish Queen	Blue Gown	Formosa	Formosa
1869. Pretender	Hannah	Pretender	Brigantine	Pero Gomez
1871. Bothwell		Favontus	Hannah	Hannah

Two Thousand Guineas.	One Thousand Guineas.	Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.
1872. Prince Charlie	Reine	Crenorne	Reine	Wenlock
1873. Gang forward	Cecilia	Doncaster	Marie Stuart	Marie Stuart
1874. Atlantic	Apology	George Frederick	Apology	Apology
1875. Camballo	Spinaway	Galopin	Spinaway	Craigmillar
1876. Petrarch	Camelia	Kisber	Camelia and Enguerrande	Petrarch
1877. Chamaut	Belphoebe	Silvio	Placida	Silvio
1878. Pilgrimage	Pilgrimage	Sefton	Janette	Janette
1879. Charibert	Wheel of Fortune	Sir Bevy's	Wheel of Fortune	Rayon d'Or
1881. Peregrine	Thebais	Iroquois	Thebais	Iroquois
1882. Shotover	St. Marguerite	Shotover	Gheinniss	Dutch Oven
1884. Scott Free	Busybody	St. Gatien and Harvester	Busybody	The Lambkin
1885. Paradox	Farwell	Melton	Lonely	Melton
1886. Ormonde	Miss Jummy	Ormonde	Miss Jummy	Ormonde
1887. Enterprise	Reve D'Or	Merry Hampton	Reve D'Or	Kilwartin
1888. Ayrshire	Briar Root	Ayrshire	Seabreeze	Sea Breeze
1889. Enthusiast	Mintie	Donovan	L'Abesse de Jouarre	Donovan
1890. Surefoot	Semolina	Donovan	Memoir	Memoir
1891. Common	Mimi	Common	Mimi	Common
1892. Bona Vista	La Flesche	Sir Hugo	La Flesche	La Fleche
1893. Isinglass	Sifleuse	Isinglass	Mrs. Butterwick	Isinglass
1894. Ladas	Amiable	Ladas	Amiable	Throstle
1895. Kirkconnel	Galeottia	Sir Visto	La Sagesse	Sir Visto
1896. St. Frusquin	Thais	Persimmon	Canterbury	Persimmon
1897. Galtee More	Chelandry	Galtee More	Pilgrim	Galtee More
1899. Flying Fox	Sibola	Flying Fox	Linasol	Flying Fox
1900. Diamond Jubilee	Winifreda	Diamond Jubilee	Musa	Diamond Jubilee
1902. Sceptre	Sceptre	Ard Patrick	Sceptre	Sceptre
1903. Rock Sand	Quintessence	Rock Sand	Our Lassie	Rock Sand
1904. St. Amant	Pretty Polly	St. Amant	Pretty Polly	Pretty Polly
1905. Vedas	Cherry Lass	Cicero	Cherry Lass	Challacombe
1908. Norman III.	Rhodora	Signorinetta	Signorinetta	Your Majesty
1909. Minoru	Electra	Minoru	Perola	Bayardo

SUMMARY OF WINNERS.

- Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger—Formosa, Sceptre.
- Two Thousand Guineas. Derby, and St. Leger—West Australian, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Common, Isinglass, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Rock Sand.
- Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, and Oaks—Crucifix, Formosa, Sceptre.
- Two Thousand Guineas, and Derby—Smolensko, Cadland, Bay Middleton, Cotherstone, West Australian, Macaroni, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Pretender, Shotover, Ormonde, Ayrshire, Common, Isinglass, Ladas, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Rock Sand, St. Amant, Minoru.
- Two Thousand Guineas, and St. Leger—Sir Tatton Sykes, Stockwell, West Australian, The Marquis, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Formosa, Petrarch, Ormonde, Common, Isinglass, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Sceptre, Rock Sand.
- Two Thousand Guineas, and Oaks—Pastille, Crucifix, Formosa, Sceptre.
- Two Thousand Guineas, and One Thousand Guineas—Crucifix, Pilgrimage, Sceptre.
- One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger—Formosa, Hannah, Apology, La Fleche, Sceptre, Pretty Polly.
- One Thousand Guineas, and Oaks—Neva, Corinne, Zinc, Cobweb, Galata, Crucifix, Mendicant, Governess, Formosa Hannah, Reine, Apology, Spinnaway, Camelia, Wheel of Fortune, Thebais, Busybody, Miss Jummy, Reve d'Or, Mimi, La Fleche, Amiable, Sceptre, Pretty Polly, Cherry Lass.
- One Thousand Guineas, and St. Leger—Imperieuse, Achievement, Formosa, Hannah, Apology, La Fleche, Sceptre, Pretty Polly.
- Oaks and St. Leger—Queen of Trumps, Formosa, Hannah, Marie Stuart, Apology, Jannette, Sea Breeze, Memoir, La Fleche, Sceptre, Pretty Polly.
- Derby and Oaks—Eleanor, Blink Bonny, Signorinetta.
- Derby and St. Leger—Surplice, The Flying Dutchman, Voliguer, West Australian, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Silvio, Iroquois, Meton, Ormonde, Donovan, Common, Isinglass, Sir Vixto, Persimmon, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Rock Sand.



